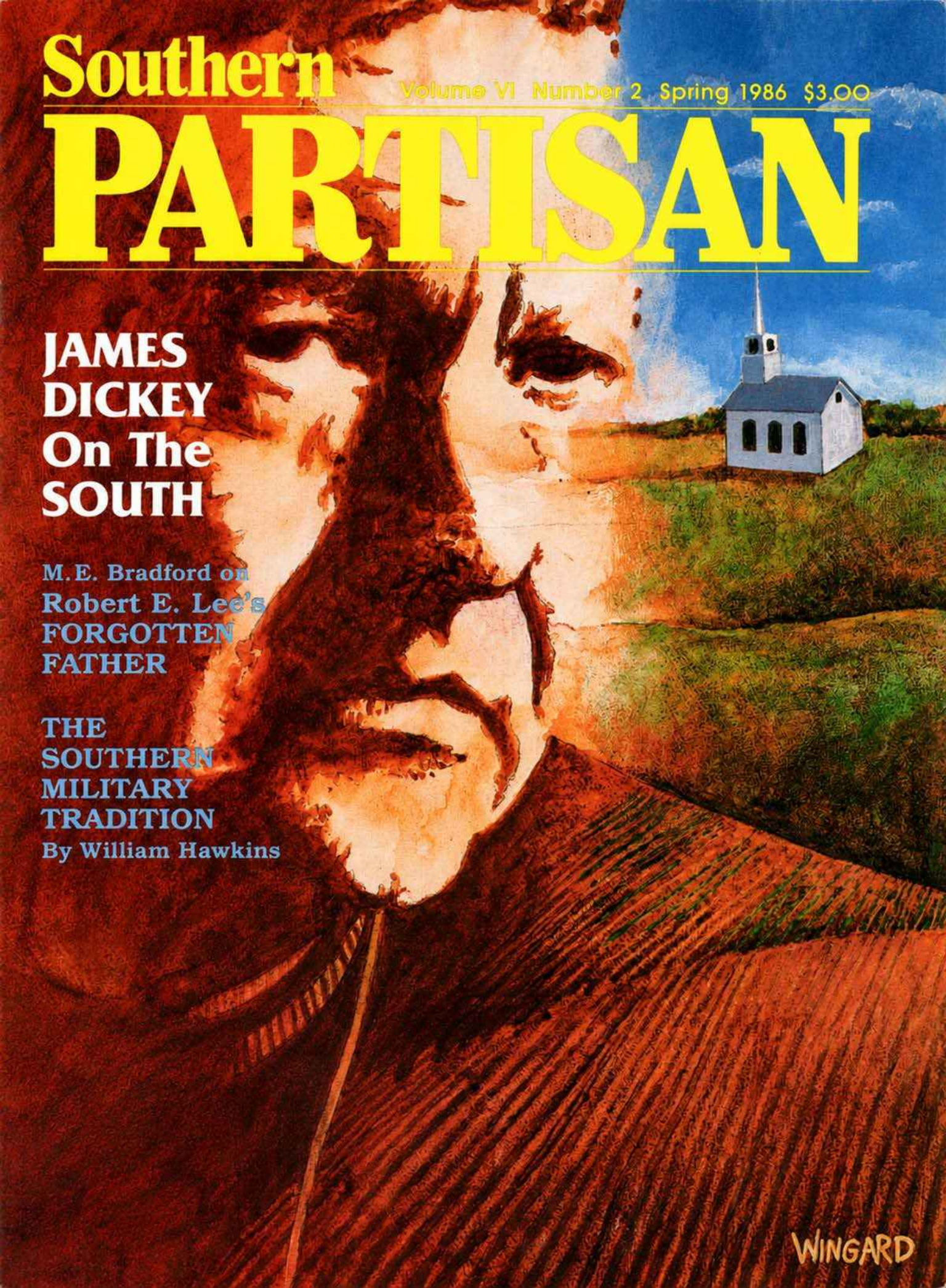
Volume VI Number 2 Spring 1986 $3.00

Southern PARTISAN

JAMES DICKEY On The SOUTH

M.E. Bradford on Robert E. Lee's FORGOTTEN FATHER

THE SOUTHERN MILITARY TRADITION
By William Hawkins



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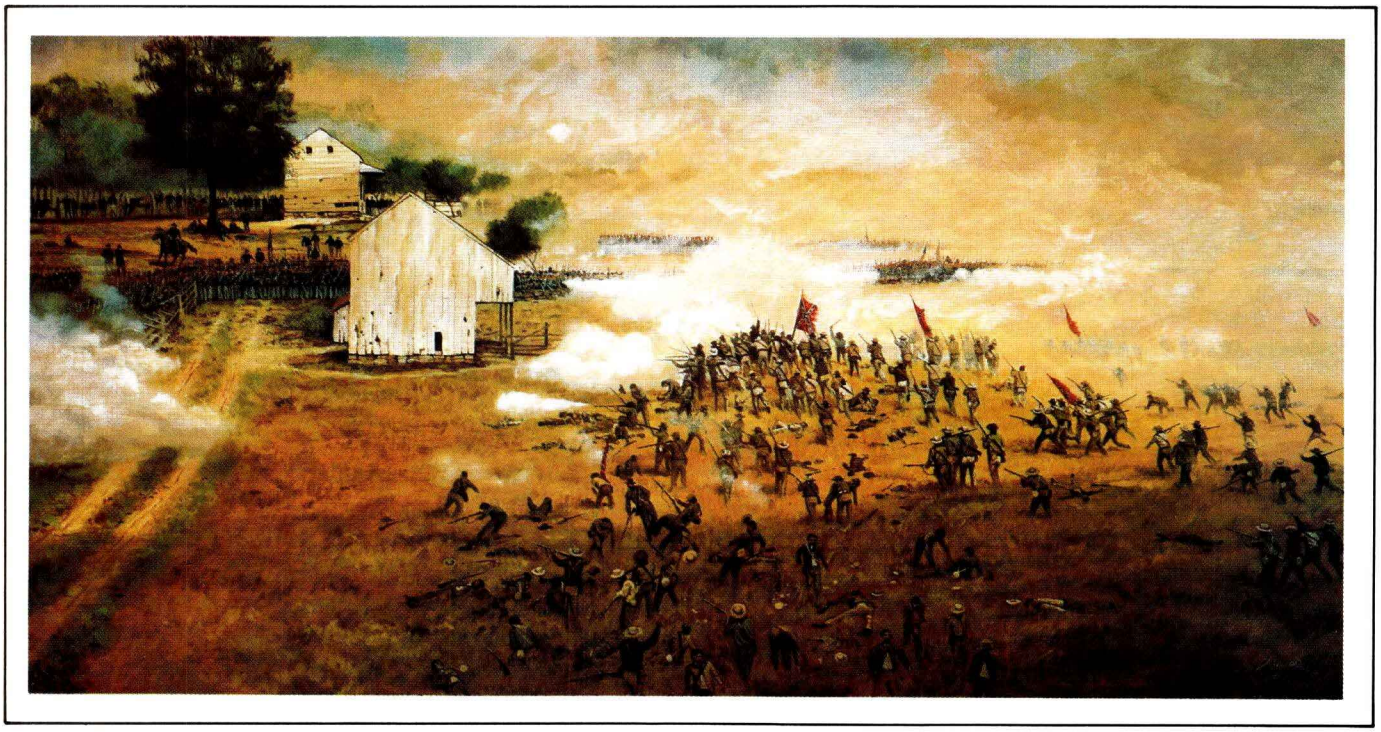
"For The Cause"

It was a brief moment toward the end of the seemingly endless Civil War. April 6, 1865, the long retreat from the defenses of Petersburg was staggering its hungry way westward, and there was, in the words of one participant, "blood at every bridge and ford..."

At Saylor's Creek the Army of Northern Virginia nearly dissolves. Broken, disheartened, disorganized men, not even looking for a rallying point, find one: from somewhere, General Robert E. Lee picks up a battleflag and holds it, finally revealing what the true heart and soul of this Confederate Army, for four long years, has been.

The men rally and form into a small but glorious remnant of the once indomitable army. And Lee becomes the symbol he never sought to be: the embodiment of the cause soon to be lost, of courage in the face of overwhelming odds, never to be forgotten.

Dale Gallon's most recent work, "For the Cause," shows Lee as he touched something within each man who saw him that day, and within all of us who can only wish we had. Image size, 19 5/16" x 18". Overall size, 24 15/16" x 23 1/2". Edition size, 750. Price $85.00, shipping $5.00.



"Brian's Farm"

It took an uncommon measure of courage that day--July 3, 1863--to advance at a walk across nearly a mile of open Pennsylvania farmland, under bursting shell and hissing shot with gaps in the ranks appearing at every step. By the time they reached the Brian Family's Farm here on the extreme left flank of what history has called Pickett's Charge, with Union soldiers four deep firing from two sides into shattered support columns, courage was about all these Southern soldiers had left on the third day at Gettysburg.

Even eyewitnesses disagree as to how far their courage took them: twenty, perhaps ten yards from the low stone wall that marked the Union line, in remnants of companies, or singly until they were shot down or captured. But all agree their courage carried them too far as soldiers, and not quite far enough for the Confederacy.

Dale Gallon, in "Brian's Farm," has chosen a remarkable point of view to show the assailed left flank of Pickett's Charge as it looked at the High Tide of the Confederacy. Image size, 27 5/16" x 13 13/16". Overall size, 32 5/16" x 19 3/16". Edition size, 750. Price $85.00, shipping $10.00 (oversize box).

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articles such as "The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln" give me encouragement in what seems like constant attempts to set the record straight with my Yankee co-workers whenever they start to disparage the South (which is often)...

By the way, in light of what is happening in Atlanta with all the Martin Luther King renaming, here's one to think about: the county council of King County, Washington, today voted to rename the county for Martin Luther King. Sound confusing? King county was named for William Rufus Devane King, elected Vice President of the United States under President Franklin Pierce (for whom my county was named) but who died in Cuba before he could take office. Since Vice President King was a slave owner some of the council members decided he didn't represent what they thought the county should stand for. By a narrow margin the council voted to rename it for Martin Luther King. Which brought to mind a thought: my State was named after our first President, who was a slave owner, also! As you said, "After all, who the heck knows or cares about this fellow George?"

Howard D. Price
Jacoma, Washington

Address Corrected

Gentlemen:

I just wanted to drop you a line and correct a mistake I found in the article "Glory, Glory" in the Fall 1985 Issue of your magazine. I am not trying to nitpick, but I feel that your cause (our cause) is under enough attack without adding ammunition through inaccurate journalism.

Forrest Avenue was replaced, not with King's name, but with that of Ralph McGill, a former editor of the Atlanta newspaper. However, within Fulton County, Gordon Road (named after John Gordon, Confederate General) was renamed Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive. So the sin was the same, although the victims were different. Other streets in the city have suffered similar fates, with such streets named after early Atlantans Ivy and Cain being renamed such meaningful (?) names as International Blvd. and Peachtree Plaza Avenue.

I wholeheartedly agree with you concerning the direction Atlanta has taken. In the past, when I traveled, I told people I was from Atlanta, even though I was born in a suburb. It was sure a lot easier for them to know where it was. But the last few years, I am glad to tell people my true address, and disassociate myself from that mess downtown.

Ward Are
Powder Springs, Georgia

More On German Confederates

Gentlemen:

Since I am fortunate to be a sixth generation Texan and a Southerner whose families fought for the Stars and Bars I feel compelled to write you concerning what I believe are glaring innaccuracies in the article entitled "Gott mit uns" in the Fall 1985 Issue of your fine magazine.

1. In it, my fellow San Antonian, Mr. Egon Richard Tausch, writes the Germans arrived "in massive numbers in the 1830s and 1840s." This is incorrect. While it is true there was considerable movement into Texas by Germans during the decade of the 1830s the major ante bellum period of German immigration stretched from the early 1840s to just before the start of the War for Southern Independence. Mass colonization did not begin until approximately 1842 when an agreement was reached between President Sam Houston and Henry Castro to settle a small tract of land west of San Antonio and later, in 1844, when the Mainzer Adelsverein, a society formed by twenty lesser know German noblemen with the express desire to help colonize Texas, landed its first group at Indianola on the Texas coast.

2. "They chose to come to the Republic and State of Texas..., but having to knowledge of and respect for the Texas and U.S. Constitutions." I find this to be a gross distortion of the facts. The Germans immigrating to Texas did so for a number of reasons, three of the foremost being 1) the fact Texas had opened up large areas of land for settlement. This was a very attractive incentive to many German peasants who found themselves landless and floundering in a static and archaic semi-feudal society; 2) the fact that even at this early date Texas was a relatively pluralistic society with room for people having a variety of political opinions; 3) the potato blights of 1845-47 and 1851-54 forced additional Germans to flee the country or starve.

3. Mr. Tausch writes, "Slavery was no obstacle; in fact, the largest slaveholder in Texas was the Adelsverein." This is a statement that might be technically correct but still misleads the uninformed reader. The truth of the matter is the Adelsverein went bankrupt in 1847 due to financial mismanagement. 1847 is a few years before Germans began large scale involvement in cotton cropping. My research indicates a high percentage of Germans were "liberal freethinkers" who could not abide the institution of slavery. Additionally, the financial aspect of slave owning was also beyond the capabilities of most immigrant Germans.

4. The inquiry Mr. Tausch puts forth asking, "why have the Texas Germans been overlooked by Southern historians?" is easy to answer. Aside from the fact Germans were some of the first Texans to rush to the aid of the Confederacy there was an equal number who were either neutral or outspokenly pro-Union. Many fled San Antonio and some of the German settlements to the north and east of the Guadalupe River to such places as Matamoros and Eagle Pass where they engaged in pro-Union activities. This did little to endear them to the Mexican American and Anglo population they left behind especially when these two groups had yet to come to understand this very literate, cultured and clannish people they often referred to as "the goddamn Dutch." To compound the problem, the actions of some Germans like Johann Hermann Kampmann who was a Confederate colonel during the War and Radical Republican turncoat during Reconstruction increased the existing animosities between the German and non-German communities. These wounds were slow to heal and the scars were visible for a very long time....

Roger Wayne Johnson
University of Texas at San Antonio
San Antonio, Texas

Mr. Tausch Replies:

It is unfortunate that most comments made about the Texas Germans are made by Anglos who had to rely on modern secondary sources. To answer some of Mr. Johnson's points:

The vast majority of Germans came to Texas in 1844. They were influenced by three books circulating in Germany

which praised the Texas Constitution and way of life, and defended slavery. The potato famine was in Ireland, not Germany, in which potatoes were a very minor crop. Most of the immigrants, according to German and Anglo sources at the time, were from the middle and upper classes.

Some more radical Germans left Germany after the Revolution of 1848, but almost all of these went to New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, as more in line with their thinking. Those few that came to Texas were forced to the far West, being disliked by the majority of Germans ("the Grays"), who called them "the Greens" (the "freethinkers" Mr. Johnson refers to). The "Greens" set up a small Communist colony called "Bettina," which failed in two years, after which they turned to cotton planting, and their founder, Gustav Schleicher, became the leader of the States' Rights forces in the Legislature. In this context, "pluralistic" doesn't mean much.

By the way, the German counties, as a whole, voted over 95% for Brechinridge, and over 80% for secession. The North Texas Counties, all Anglo, voted against secession.

It is true that Confederate Colonel Kampmann joined in Reconstruction, as did General Longstreet, of whom Kampmann was an admirer. It's interesting, however, that the sheriff who arrested Carpetbag Governor Davis, thus ending Reconstruction, was a Texas German.

During my twenty-five years of research on this subject, I was fortunate to find the Confederate Court Martial Records of all suspected "disaffected," of all ethnic groups. Only three Germans were convicted, one because another German had seen him "smile" while a Confederate defeat was announced in (far west) Fredericksburg.

I translated every word of over a dozen German-language newspapers from 1844 to 1876, and read literally hundreds of diaries and letters. The best book on the subject is still Biesele's The German Settlements in Texas; but people keep reading more recent books, by non-German-speaking Anglos, usually pro-Northern, which rely entirely on post-Reconstruction sources.

Mr. Johnson shows an avid interest in history which would have made him one of my favorite students when I taught history at the University of Texas.

The Cause Lives

Gentlemen:

It is with great pride and pleasure that I add my compliments to those of other readers for the fine work you have done through the continuing publication of the *Southern Partisan*. Prior to discovering the *Partisan*, some 18 months ago, I had resigned myself to believe that I would see the end of our fight. No one seemed to care about preserving the traditions and values of our past. Granted, our numbers are still few, but our cause is alive. We can thank the *Southern Partisan* for this. The *Southern Partisan* is our link to one another, it gives news, commentary, and a forum for open expression. We must never take the importance of this publication for granted...

Let me leave you with one thought: A gentleman of the South, to the grave I shall go; yet the eyes of my soul shall be red with tear if all we have lived for is but a memory.

John Wagner
Columbus, Georgia

Two More On Abe

Gentlemen:

Had I read it anywhere except the *Southern Partisan*, I would have taken Tom Landess' "The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln" for a parody of liberal criticisms of the Reagan Administration. Landess condemns Lincoln for being too much of a nationalist, engaging in rhetorical overkill (did he ever call the South an "evil empire"?), scanting prerogatives of Congress and—worst sin of all—failing to negotiate with his enemies. With appropriate cosmetic changes, this could be yesterday's creed from Anthony Lewis.

Whether Lincoln's cause was just is an interesting historical question, but no longer a pressing one: the *ante bellum* theory of the Union would not revive, even if every school child were weaned on the writings of M. E. Bradford. Ironically, the South is now our most "Lincolnesque" region politically; to find men to fight for "the Union" today, does one go to Massachusetts—or to Alabama?

On the other hand, the question of how a free society should defend its interests is urgently with us. Mr. Landess seems for an instant to recognize this, when he writes slightingly of "a contemporary society preoccupied with the idea of peaceful coexistence and obsessed with a word like 'negotiation'," but he then promptly loses the thread and condemns Lincoln on the basis of these modern preoccupations and obsessions.

The effect of judging Lincoln's actions by liberal standards is to lend authority to those standards, to imply that they are the proper measure of a statesman. Thence it is a short step to denouncing the "illegal" and "excessive" actions of President Reagan, e.g., the invasion of Grenada, the "skyjacking" of the *Achille Lauro* pirates, or the recent naval maneuvers off the coast of Libya. Lincoln, I suspect, would have done all of these things. And Ronald Reagan, had he been president in 1861, would probably have reinforced Fort Sumter.

Edward Thomas Veal
Alexandria, Virginia

Gentlemen:

I always enjoy reading the "Partisan Letters," and now feel I have to respond to one in the latest issue. Regarding "The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln" article. The letter by Robert Zimmer criticizing this article is so full of flaws it is almost hard to attack. Lincoln *was* a scheming, dictatorial megalomaniac whose goal from the start was to impose the will of a radical minority on the nation as a whole. He did not represent the majority of the northern people. Lincoln's policies of active aggression toward the South *did* precipitate the Civil War. The Southrons weren't the aggressors; remember Davis' parting speech in the Senate, "all we want is to be left alone." In these times of debunking and discrediting everyone and everything, why is it that the great "honest Abe" always gets off so easily?

James A. Baumhofer
St. Paul, Minnesota

California Confederate

Gentlemen:

Just a short note to let you know that I think *Southern Partisan* magazine is just about the best thing since popcorn! Your latest issue was the best ever! There's quite a few of us (transplanted Southerners) here in California. I fly the Confederate Battle Flag with pride and dignity. Dixie will never die as long as I'm alive.

Jerry Decius
Pleasant Hill, California

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

THE EMBATTLED FLAG

I stopped at a little variety store the other day—the old kind where men who work hard for a living unwind by swapping stories across a pin-ball machine while they sip beer from frosty bottles.

Contrary to myth, these types are invariably friendly. Membership in their fraternity requires only an open container of beer and an active interest in the ironies of human life. Indeed, such gatherings are no longer even racially segregated, at least not in the South (Chicago, I understand, is another matter).

This particular day, I noticed a young black man who was wearing a baseball cap with the Confederate Battle Flag on it above the bill. "I like your hat," I told him with a smile.

"I do too," he said. "I'm a Dixie boy and I'm proud of it."

That is as it should be. Black people and white people in the South have a long history of affectionate ties, a deep well of common experience, with bonds that are formed by the simple act of living together, occupying the same space and breathing the same air, working the same land and worshipping the same God.

During the moments when we are mindful of these ties, political claims lose focus and racial tensions relax. Until someone comes along with a loudspeaker urging all parties to take sides again. Lately the loudspeakers have been blasting. Consider a few items recently in the news:

In Memphis, Tennessee. The Blue Suede Shoes Restaurant, on Beale Street, had always displayed, in its main dining room, a Confederate Battle Flag on the back wall, until a developer "demanded" that the "flag be removed from the premises" so as not to offend black patrons (none of whom had complained).

In Columbia, South Carolina. The United Methodists, meeting in convention, passed a resolution urging the State of South Carolina to remove the Confederate Battle Flag from the legislative chamber and from the State House flagpole, where the old banner has traditionally been displayed along with the South Carolina flag and the American flag. In a press release, the Methodists called the Battle Flag a "symbol of racial hatred and bigotry."

In Fairfax, Virginia. For fifty years, the symbol of Fairfax High School has been a cartoon rendering of "Johnny Reb," an old Confederate soldier holding a Battle Flag draped over his right shoulder. Now the school's principal, acting on his own, has banned the little soldier and flag as the school's symbols, even though the students and parents voted overwhelmingly to retain the symbol.

In all the cases cited above, the arguments raised by those who seek to ban the Flag are essentially the same. The Confederate Battle Flag, they say, is offensive to blacks because it is a symbol of bigotry and an unpleasant reminder of days gone by when their ancestors were held in the chains of slavery.

These arguments are, of course, aggressively ignorant. First of all, the Battle Flag as we display it doday, was *never* the official flag of the Confederacy. Besides, by most estimates, 90% of the soldiers who fought for the Confederacy *never* owned slaves. And General Lee, the man who led them into battle under those colors, had denounced slavery over a decade before the War began.

The symbols, therefore, that have been passed down to the children of the South from the days of the Confederacy are not symbols of slavery—no more than the American flag might be called the symbol of slavery because it flew over slave states for most of a century. Rather, our symbols represent a spirit of resistance to those who seek to impose their will over free people. Our symbols connect directly to the spirit of those who fought in that first "civil war" when American partisans like George Washington decided to resist distant authority, even at the cost of their lives.

The Battle Flag belongs to Southerners of all colors. Indeed, we invite all Americans who still honor the founding spirit of the Republic to join us in sharing the symbols. But if we allow ignorant men to tear down our symbols in the name of a lie, then it will be time for the symbols to go. Because we will no longer be worthy of them.

And remember too that the issue at stake goes beyond our respect for the dead. The argument is often made that banning the old flag shows disrespect for those who lost their lives. That's true enough. But we should worry more about the loss of our own honor. Even in defeat, our ancestors never lost theirs.

OBITER DICTA

BETTER LATE...

A letter from a worried *Partisan* reader arrived just as we were going to press with this issue.

"I woke up in a cold sweat last night," he said, "when I suddenly realized that my *Southern Partisan* was late. 'Is it ever coming?' I asked myself. 'Has the Lost Cause lost its Last Voice?' I wondered. The thought of facing life without my *Partisan* was just too much for me to bear. Where are you?"

Well, here we are, a bit embarrassed by our tardiness—but not without explanation. Please notice that "CSA TODAY" has been expanded to include unusual travel notes from the Confederate States; and we have not-one-but-two exclusive interviews with important Southerners (James Dickey and Patrick Buchanan). The logistical problems inherent in putting all this together pushed us a few weeks behind schedule (which, for a quarterly, is not unconscionable). Still, we apologize. Efforts are now underway to catch up with the schedule.

And thank you for missing us. It is, after all, a whole lot better to be called upon to explain why you are late than not to be asked.

SUPREME FOLLY

As we go to press, word comes that the Supreme Court (that grand old benevolent asylum for the self-deified) has re-affirmed its 1973 decision in Roe vs. Wade, the landmark judgement that "legalized" abortion on demand. The Court, by a 5 to 4 vote, instructed the States not to "intimidate women into maintaining pregnancies."

This decision comes close on the heels of a re-affirmation of the Baby Doe case, in which the Court ruled that the government has no power to prevent deformed or handicapped children from being starved to death after birth. Whether to nourish the child is just another "option" for parents and doctors in our "pro-choice" society.

The point of both decisions is clear and unarguable: the Court has approved the intentional taking of innocent life. Under the high court's logic, we cannot *segregate* our children, but we can *kill* them, if we wish, provided we do it without regard to race, color or creed.

Ours is an age of strangely perverse sensibilities.

PRAYING UP A STORM

Following the Court's decisions in re-affirming Roe vs. Wade and the Baby Doe case, a group of fundamentalist preachers announced solemnly that they were praying for the death of a member of the Supreme Court who had supported abortion and euthanasia. Actually, the preachers said that, first, they asked God to change the court's mind. But if He couldn't do that (a strange supposition when speaking of the Almighty) then they asked the Lord to bring the erring Justice home to receive instruction in the Highest Court of them all.

It's too bad that such silly pronouncements are made because they allow the enemies of politically active Christians to hold the movement up to ridicule.

Apparently, the weapon Samson used to slay the infidels can also be used to club Christians.

TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY...

Finally, on the subject of the Supreme Court, word comes that those who have been praying for a judicial shake-up may have had their prayers answered, at least modestly.

Chief Justice Warren Burger announced his retirement, which is not really good news for the good guys because Burger usually voted right (his absence in the two votes discussed above, for example, would not have affected the outcome).

However, President Reagan promoted Justice Rehnquist to the chiefdom and that may well make a difference. Court watchers have confirmed that Burger never really provided the moral or intellectual leadership that a strong Chief Justice can potentially exercise. Rehnquist may prove himself to be far more able in this post.

Moreover, we hear that the new Reagan appointee, Antonin Scalia, possesses the intellectual capacity, as well as the judicial scholarship, to persuade others to vote with him.

So, tomorrow is indeed another day. Perhaps this news is a harbinger that we will soon see a return to sanity in the highest court of the land.

A SPY INSIDE

Just when we had despaired of seeing a real Southerner in federal service, suddenly we're surprised and delighted by the appointment of Robert Penn Warren to the post of Poet Laureate, a position that carries a handsome stipend and no specific duties.

Warren, one of the original Fugitive-Agrarians, has lived in New England much of his adult life, but he has retained the accent, manners and sensibilities of a good Southerner. His poetry usually has a strong regional flavor, though —like all great literature—it is concerned with universal matters.

Of course, being Poet Laureate isn't quite the same as being Secretary of Commerce, Secretary of Agriculture or even National Archivist—all offices that are concerned with *important things,* like patronage and policy. You can bet that when the President is faced

with a budgetary crisis or a confrontation with the Soviet Union, he doesn't grab his phone and say, "My God! Get me the Poet Laureate!" So, in that sense, Southerners still stand on Pennsylvania Avenue, peering wistfully through the iron gate.

But at least now we have a spy inside. And, as foolish and ignorant as poets seem to be to some, they always see and understand a lot more than anyone imagines, anyone important, that is.

TOMATO ASPECT

Have you ever wondered why, in the late Summer and early Fall, you're not able to buy local, fresh produce from your local supermarket?

Instead of a bright red tomato, with just the right balance of sweetness and acidity, you get, instead, one of those waxy California tomatoes so pale it looks as if it had pernicious anemia. And the price per pound is usually higher than tomatoes in the farmer's market. You find the same problem with corn, cucumbers, carrots and other vegetables. So when these things are locally available, garden fresh and cheap, why don't supermarkets take advantage of the opportunity to make a good profit and give their customers something demonstrably better than they've been getting all winter?

We asked the manager of a supermarket chain, who shook his head sadly.

"Wish we could," he said, "but the big boys out in California have us over a barrel. If we don't buy their tomatoes 12 months out of the year, then they won't sell us any."

"So you have to sell artificial tomatoes during the tomato season, when you could buy real ones from local farmers for less?"

"That's about it," he replied.

Then he tried to explain to us that these pale orange balls *were* really tomatoes, that they had simply been picked while they were green, reddened through the use of some gas and then shipped. "They last forever," he said.

Well, so do embalmed corpses, but they are no substitute for a live human being.

More to the point: Why isn't this California outfit practicing in restraint of free trade? Why haven't farmers, *and particularly Southern farmers,* taken them to court? Indeed, why hasn't the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department taken the initiative in behalf of small farmers?

Here is a cause everyone should applaud, advocates of Big Brother as well as libertarians: An abuse involving not only hardship to the consumer, but also to other businesses as well, a clear-cut attempt to manipulate the free marketplace. It should be easy enough for the Justice Department (or the federal courts) to tell agribusiness it has to compete fairly with the small farmer for consumer dollars, and, therefore, allow supermarket chains to buy from local vendors who could cut their own deals with stores in their area. The boys in California would have to be satisfied with a smaller profit, but small farmers would get more for their crops than they've ever made in their lives, and the rest of us would be able to eat real, juicy and sweet tomatoes for a couple of months.

Why not? It might work. And it would certainly be better than waiting for a handout from Willie Nelson.

TRASHING THE SOUTH

Just about the time the Sierra Club was handing Governor Dick Riley of South Carolina a special award for his protection of the environment, the news broke that the city of Philadelphia was shipping its waste down to the Palmetto state and burying it out in the woods—not a few pails of the nasty stuff but tons and tons, the contents of which the State of South

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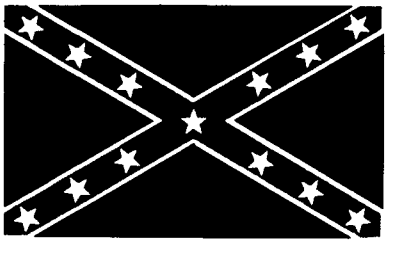

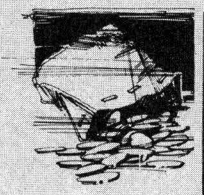

SCALAWAG AWARD

Our Spring Scalawag Award goes to Bobby Lee "Bull" Dozer, born and raised in Jackson County, graduated from the local high school, and attended State University. Returning to his home town, he went to work in his father's construction business and was soon building houses on his own. Within five years he had developed the Northgate Woods subdivision and had begun to construct apartments on the fringe of the older neighborhoods, "just to help broaden the tax base and bring more jobs to town."

A year later he was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce and ran successfully for the city council, where he was a leader in reaching out to attract new industry to the region. He was also instrumental in changing local zoning laws to permit Planned Unit Development (PUD), which allowed promoters to build enormous multi-unit complexes rapidly on vast tracts of land rather than crowding the neighborhoods by slow degrees.

"You can't fight progress," he always tells his constituency, most of whom reply, "No, you sure can't." He also believes in the New South, and he is convinced that playing "Dixie" and flying the old battle flag are divisive and dangerous. "We can't live in the past," he is fond of saying.

To those who protest that taxes are now *higher* than they've ever been, that we don't have enough firemen and policemen, that our garbage pickups are not as frequent as they used to be, that the streets are overcrowded and deteriorating, he confidently replies, "These are just the inevitable growing pains that go along with progress. The per capita income of our residents has gone up by 26% over the past decade and new housing starts are up this year by more than 18%." The crime rate has also gone up and the trees are all gone. Well, that's just the price you have to pay for progress.

"Bull" Dozer is now living 18 miles out of town on 100 acres of land surrounded by a chain-link fence. His third wife, Mary Tricia, also works with him in Dozer Development Corporation, as do two of his five sons. Both Bull and Mary Tricia are active in city and state politics, where they support progressive New South candidates who favor an expanding economy, tax breaks for incoming business, the relaxation of environmental restrictions, and of course an increase in local and state income taxes to finance all the progress. Because, as Bull never tires of saying, "You can't fight progress."

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Carolina had not even bothered to analyze.

We're really not surprised, though. The forests and lakes of the "underdeveloped" South have been the refuse pile of the nation for years now. In South Carolina, for example, from 1978 through 1985, 1.1 *billion* pounds of arsenic, cyanide, lead, barium and cadmium were buried at Remini, not fifty feet from the Santee-Cooper lakes which have in the past produced the best striped-bass fishing in the world. (And 69% of this "stuff" came from outside the state.)

Who operates this particular dump? A fine group of local boys, most of whom were hired from the state Department of Health and Environmental Control (the agency of government that is supposed to regulate hazardous waste). These boys, in turn, work for GSX of South Carolina, Inc., which is owned by GSX Corporation of Boston, which, in turn, is owned by the Genstar Corporation of Canada, all of which complicates jurisdiction and scatters responsibility to the foul wind.

But that's not the worst part! Governor Riley, like many of his Southern counterparts, is mad for industry; and under his administration, state agencies like the Coastal Council and DHEC have been notoriously lax in their policing of state and federal laws. Using such phrases as "developing the economy" and "broadening the tax base," these men have been busily selling their inheritance for those illusive pieces of silver which have been around drawing forth the worst instincts of men for a very, very long time.

MIRACLE ON 17TH AVENUE

Every now and then you hear of a story that causes a lump to rise in your throat and a general good feeling to come over you. Such is the case with the miracle of Fisk University, one of the country's oldest and finest predominately black colleges.

Fisk had fallen on hard times. A couple of years ago, the physical plant (including Jubilee Hall) was in a shambles. There was no heat to speak of and no air conditioning. Salaries for faculty and staff had not been increased.

In addition to these examples of deprivation, the University was struggling under a $3.9 million debt—staggering for an institution of only 500 students.

But under the leadership of its new President, Fisk has been rebuilding itself. Jubilee Hall is being renovated. Other needed building repairs are in progress. Salaries will be increased this year. And the seemingly insurmountable debt has been reduced in two short years to $470,000. Student enrollment is on the rise and applications are up.

But there is still much to be done. For those of you who would like to make a contribution, checks should be made out to: FISK UNIVERSITY DEVELOPMENT FUND. They can be sent to: Office of Development; Fisk University; 1000 17th Avenue North; Nashville, TN 37203.

MINI-MISERIES

A number of us here at the *Southern Partisan* have finally come to the conclusion that anti-Southern sentiment in the press, in government and in the entertainment field is not getting any better. If anything, it's getting worse. Each week brings new television dramas based on a stereotypical depiction of the South as inhabited by bigots, ignoramuses and trolls. Over the past few years we have seen first one and then another quasi-historical miniseries in which ersatz Southerners spend most of the evening abusing black people.

Can you remember how many times this same melodrama has been played out on your television screen? *Roots, Roots II, Beaulah-land, Chiefs, North and South,* and (most recently), *North and South Book II.* The ratings, and our blood pressure, soar.

But please, everybody remember this: During the period melodramatized by these morality plays, Union states also practiced slavery and in those parts of the country where there was no slavery, there were no blacks. More often than not there were laws to keep blacks from crossing their borders, so great were the racial animosities. (Such was the case in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa.)

Then, in these minidramas, when the action is played in more modern times, the screen is full of drawling Southern Klansmen, with little or no regard for the incontrovertible fact that both in the 1920s and in the Klan revival of the past twenty-five years, Middle Western states like Illinois and Indiana have led *all Southern states* in Klan membership. When is the last time you saw a movie or TV drama in which the Klan was a factor in the Midwest or California?

In fact, all too often, when the action is set outside the South, the villain of the piece will speak with an unmistakable Southern drawl—just to take extra advantage of a national bigotry that media folk have been nurturing literally for forty years.

And now, news arrives here that the worst is yet to come!

Filming has begun on yet another miniseries based on (brace yourself), *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* the most distorted, biased and ill-informed novel of all time. The filming has already started in Mississippi. Even Mr. Lincoln, upon meeting Harriet Beecher Stowe, referred to her as the "little lady who started the War."

Maybe this time, all of us in the South will rise up and speak together in the immortal words of Popeye the Sailorman: "That's all I can stand and I can't stands no more!"

The most important anti-Communist work ever written — now abridged for easier reading

How often does an author applaud when his magnum opus is abridged? Yet Alexander Solzhenitsyn thinks so well of this abridgment that he contributes a Foreword, in which he writes:

> "I gratefully accepted Professor Ericson's suggestion to create a one-volume abridgment of my three-volume work, *The Gulag Archipelago*, in order to facilitate its reading for those who do not have much time in this hectic century of ours. I thank Professor Ericson for his generous initiative as well as for the tactfulness, the literary taste, and the understanding of Western readers which he displayed during the work on the abridgment."

Wrote White House Communications Chief Patrick Buchanan awhile back: Solzhenitsyn is "a human diamond, made hard by the crushing weight of Stalin's monstrous regime, a prophet sent to the West as a final warning." Well put — yet how many of us have been scared away, until this abridgment, by the huge size of the three original volumes? How many high school and college youngsters have passed this great teacher by?

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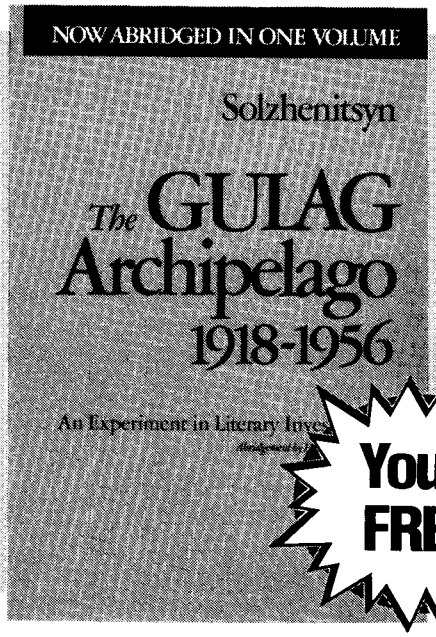
"A work of prophecy."—*Christian Science Monitor*

"Reads as if written in letters of fire . . . We should be more terrified than we are."—*Esquire*



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TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

A NECESSARY EVIL

When Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, there was no such thing as politics. Indeed had a million people been living in the same locale, they wouldn't have needed government—not until the advent of the snake. When your will is one with the Will of God, then you have perfect freedom and order. By the same token, if a modern American couple were to be shipwrecked on a desert island, they would be exploring the political ramifications of their situation even as they were struggling ashore, dripping seaweed. We live in an age when people are almost as preoccupied with politics as they are with sex.

Some contemporary thinkers, of course, believe that this obsession is a fine thing, that we will live in paradise when each citizen devotes all his waking hours to the business of government, when every human being is a candidate, a precinct worker, or at least a member of the League of Women Voters. Such modernists believe that the practice of politics is good in itself, that it is the end of life rather than a necessary evil. Our fathers and grandfathers knew better.

There was a time when very few Southerners had anything to do with such matters. They voted. They discussed candidates and issues within the family circle. But they kept their opinions to themselves. For the most part they depended on some slightly-disreputable cousin or in-law who took care of "all that."

As for wearing your political convictions on your sleeve, nobody did it. I never saw a bumper sticker until I was a grown man, and even candidate buttons were collected more than they were worn. I remember in 1940 when a schoolmate wore a Wilkie button to elementary school and got stomped by every barefoot bully on the playgrounds, not only because his father was about the only Republican in town, but more particularly because he flaunted his idiocy. In 1944, when my parents told me they were going to vote for Dewey, I came home with a campaign button on my lapel, and my father made me take it off. "After Mr. Dewey has lost the election," he told me, "we will still have to live in this town."

Those were the days when winning the Democratic primary was still "tantamount to election" in the South, and it was a better time. In a sense to have *one* party was to have *no* party, because anyone who wanted to run for public office simply paid his filing fee, entered one race, and didn't worry about the national political scene, since—at that point—the national party was still tolerable. Parties, even when they are based to some degree on philosophical principles, are divisive elements in society.

After all, you have a harder time loving a man when he flaunts his contrary opinions with yard signs and bumper stickers. There's a strident, self-assertive quality in the use of these campaign aids, as if a person were constantly shouting the name of his candidate into a bullhorn. In the old days, when the corn was high or the wisteria was blooming, you forgot the people next door were of a different political persuasion.

When I was growing up, if anyone had put up a yard sign in our neighborhood it would have altered significantly the way we all felt about him. He would have missed a few parties he might otherwise have been invited to. Also, he might have lost some business, even from people who supported his candidate.

Part of this old time reluctance to politic openly was rooted in the belief that it was bad to care that much about the things of the world. In those days people were not so demonstrative at athletic contests. They were reluctant to seem aggressive in the soliciation of business. They did not want to appear successful or prosperous. They wouldn't talk about money, even with uncles and cousins. It would have been worse than bad taste; it would have been evidence of poor character. That all of these things are now a part of our way of life indicates that we no longer have any regard for the principles that once gave meaning to our world.

The final proof of our degeneracy is the degree to which the church itself has become little more than a political arena, a place for speeches, resolutions, and actions relevant to the latest secular cause. Recently, in an issue of *St. Luke's Theological Journal*, published by the University of The South, I was surprised to read that the church had lost the election in 1984, defeated, one presumes, by Ronald Reagan in league with the Devil, as if Armageddon itself were nothing more than one last cosmic election, with everybody trooping to the polls to support the Reform ticket, headed by a grimly partisan Jesus.

What a sad little vision of life, untouched by wisdom or beauty or love! When that last fateful election is held, I suspect the good people will be off at somebody's house, having a marvelous time, so pleased with one another's company that they all forget to vote.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON THE WAY IT WAS

The Southern states, whose democracy is less socially diffused than that of the northern states, has always as a rule elevated abler men than has the North, which has given them an ascendency in the Union that has provoked northern jealousy.

Orestes Brownson, 1864

ON THE WELFARE STATE

The Government is not only to attend to the great concerns which are its province, but it must step in and ease individuals of their natural and moral obligations. A more pernicious notion cannot prevail.

John Randolph of Roanoke

ON THE REBEL YELL

The Southern troops, when charging, or to express their delight, always yell in a manner peculiar to themselves. The Yankee cheer is much more like ours (Editor's Note: the English), *but the Confederate officers declare that the Rebel yell has a particular merit, and always produces a salutory and useful effect upon their adversaries.*

James Arthur Lyon Fremantle
Lt. Col. Coldstream Guards

ON THE LEES OF VIRGINIA

Truth, honor, unselfish patriotism, love to God and love to man, seem to have been mainly the characteristic traits belonging to them.

William P. Snow, Captain, CSA

ON THE COMMON TOUCH

I'd rather talk to 300 sharecroppers than 3,000 bankers any day of the week.

Governor Jeff Davis (D-Arkansas)

ON THE TEXANS

The enemy never sees the backs of my Texans.

Robert E. Lee, General, CSA

ON CHARACTER

Material abundance without character is the surest way to destruction.

Thomas Jefferson

LAST MEETING

Lee, astride his beloved Traveller, meets Stonewall Jackson for the last time after the two comrades-in-arms planned a surprise attack at Chancellorsville, Virginia.

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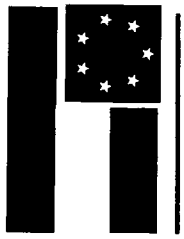


CSA TODAY

NOTE: Beginning with this issue, we have added a feature in our CSA Today *Department which we think might be helpful to you as you plan trips and vacations. We have listed up-coming events in each of the States, their locations and a phone number where you can obtain further information. A few states have not yet published up-coming events.*

ALABAMA

In the wake of the Alabama Prayer Decision, Christian parents are striking back—this time through the courts. They have brought suit against the State of Alabama for teaching religious dogma in the schools, and sectarian dogma at that: secular humanism.

Needless to say, educators and bureaucrats are outraged; and they intend to fight the suit in court, claiming that you can't call humanism a religion because you can't define it, an argument that seems neither factually true nor quite sane. Nevertheless, both sides are prepared to go to trial in the fall.

But with the likes of Justice Blackman still sitting on the High Court, the results will probably be discouraging: a decision which will make a fine distinction between the rational, philosophical axioms of the secular humanists and the outrageous superstitions of the Christians, with six humanists in the majority and three Christians in the minority.

July

20th Annual Spirit of America Festival
Decatur, Alabama (205) 350-8332

Birmingham Summerfest '86
Birmingham, Alabama (205) 934-5088

Talladega 500 NASCAR Grand National
Talladega, Alabama (205) 362-2261

August

Blackbelt Folk Roots Festival 1986
Eutaw, Alabama (205) 372-3344

September

September Fest Arts and Crafts Fair
Desoto Caverns Park (205) 378-7252

15th Annual Racking Horse World Celebration
Decatur, Alabama (205) 353-7225

22nd Annual Outdoor Arts and Crafts Fair
Mobile, Alabama (205) 342-8946

ARKANSAS

Here he comes again, folks, a little slower than he was, a little heavier, a little grayer, but ready to take on Governor Bill Clinton just the same.

We're talking, of course, about Orval Faubus, now running as a conservative, who was for a brief time the Botha of the Fifties, the man most despised by the American mediagods. Faubus, you will recall, used his position as governor to try to block the integration of Little Rock schools and in so doing provoked President Eisenhower to send in federal troops—an action that dramatized in concrete terms what the conflict was all about.

In their eagerness to paint Faubus in the darkest tones possible, Northern reporters of that day neglected to tell the nation that, like many defenders of segregation, he was something of a New South liberal who believed in urbanizing the State and bringing in new industry "to provide more jobs and a broader tax base." Now, in other words, he stood for the same things that Bill Clinton now stands for—except that in those days you had to talk "reactionary" on the race questions and today you have to talk "moderate."

Well, that may be "progress," but it don't seem like a whole bunch.

This year is Arkansas' Sesquicentennial Anniversary and many special events are scheduled.

July

Rodeo of the Ozarks Springdale, Arkansas (501) 751-4694

5th Annual Mountain Music Festival
Gravel Ridge, Arkansas

Pea Ridge Military Park 30th Anniversary
Pea Ridge, Arkansas (501) 451-8122

Arthritis Foundation Bass Tournament
Little Rock, Arkansas (501) 664-7242

Riverboat Days and State Catfish Cooking Contest
Newport, Arkansas (501) 523-3618

August

43rd Annual White River Water Carnival
Batesville, Arkansas (501) 793-2378

38th Annual Gould Turtle Derby
Gould, Arkansas (501) 263-4939

Living History Weekend
Greenbrice, Arkansas (501) 679-2098

FLORIDA

Perhaps the most important issue before the voters of Florida these days is a proposed Constitutional Amendment that would allow county option in licensing gambling casinos which are presently outlawed in Florida. The arguments in favor of casinos are familiar; they are, alas, the ones given for almost

everything politicians propose these days—it will put money into the pockets of practically everybody. And as we all know, that's progress.

On the other hand, there are those who believe to the contrary, among them Jack Eckerd, founder of the drugstore chain who now heads a citizens' committee called No Casinos, Inc. A successful entrepreneur, Eckerd was appointed by Governor Bob Graham to spearhead the fight against casinos; and as a result of his tremendous energies, gambling interests are having a tougher time in Florida than in New Jersey.

Among other things, Eckerd and his group are able to cite the Garden State as a negative example, and to give statistical arguments to refute the claim of casino supporters that when the amendment passes in Florida, the millenium will have arrived. Atlantic City, it seems, is in shambles: stores boarded up, crime and drug addiction at an all-time high, churches closing, juvenile delinquency, rampant inflation wiping out the savings of old people. In other words, the advent of these gaudy palaces has directly resulted in the moral and financial collapse of an entire community. Among Eckerd's chief witnesses are people from New Jersey who, with a glazed look in their eyes, tell how quickly and how completely catastrophe overtook them, and how total has been the destruction of their city.

The Amendment will be passed or rejected in the November 4th election, and the outcome is by no means clear. If you want to support Jack Eckerd in his crusade you are invited to send a check to: No Casinos, Inc., One Beach Drive, S.E., Suite 103, St. Petersburg, Florida 33701. The contributions are not tax-deductible, we're told; but there has to be a tax credit in heaven for this kind of contribution.

GEORGIA

In Brunswick, Georgia the doctors have finally come up with a way to fight the high cost of malpractice insurance. They are refusing to provide prenatal and delivery care to lawyers (and wives of lawyers) who have brought malpractice suits against doctors. So far it looks as if five women may be affected, meaning that they will have to drive all the way to Savannah, almost 80 miles away.

Lawyer Amanda Williams, who has two malpractice suits presently on the docket, expressed surprise. "I was dumbfounded, I really was," she said. "I was in total shock." Speaking for Brunswick obstetricians-gynecologists, Dr. Henry Flournoy replied that he couldn't take the risk of having something go wrong with a lawyer or a lawyer's wife in the delivery room. "It would not take but one more suit to put me out of business," he said. "Shut me down, I'd be selling insurance somewhere."

Undoubtedly the Georgia lawyers will shortly sue the Georgia doctors for refusing to treat them; and the courts, composed of lawyers, will probably rule in favor of their own kind. But what happened in Brunswick is, in a sense, a return to an older form of handling local problems—by community pressure rather than by litigation—and maybe, just maybe, the tactic will catch on in other communities around the region.

KENTUCKY

A friend of ours, a wholesaler of spirits, reports the following incident in a small Kentucky mountain community. An anecdote he swears is true down to the last detail.

It seems that he had stopped by a small cliff-side tavern to deliver his usual case of goods; and after the business was transacted the proprietors, a mountain couple, invited him to have a drink with them. Although he had some scary roads to negotiate, he decided to be polite and have just one for the road. The man was pouring three stiff drinks in three tall tumblers when suddenly a grinning face appeared just above the edge of the table—a small paste-colored boy who couldn't have been more than nine years old.

The man turned around, saw the expectant grin, winked at our friend and said, "That's Haunch, fer you. He always knows when whiskey's a'bein' poured."

Whereupon the man turned over a fourth tumbler and began to fill it up with dark liquid. Suddenly the woman reappeared, blood in her eye.

"What are you doin' to that boy?" she screamed. "Don't you never give him straight whiskey—less'n you put a little water in it."

Mumbling, the father diluted the drink and handed it to the boy who grinned greedily at our friend, then took a big swallow and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Two hours and several drinks later, our friend made his way uncertainly to the car, careful not to take a wrong turn and fall off the mountainside. Back in the tavern the man and woman were asleep at one of the round oak tables while Haunchy, who had matched them drink for drink, was sitting in the middle of the floor, pouring himself another glassful, this one without water.

July

Bourbon County Bicentennial
Paris, Kentucky (606) 987-3205

"The Legend of Daniel Boone"
Old Fort Harrod State Park, Kentucky (606) 734-3346

Fort Knox Patton Museum Demonstration
Fort Knox, Kentucky (502) 624-6350

My Old Kentucky Home Celebration '86
Frankfort, Kentucky (502) 564-4270

August

Shelby County Fair and Horse Show
Shelbyville, Kentucky, 27 Sequoyah Drive 40065

Renfro Valley Bluegrass Festival
Renfro Valley, Kentucky (606) 256-2664

Hunter-Jumper Association Benefit Horse Show
Lexington, Kentucky (606) 266-6937

Watermelon Festival
Tompkinsville, Kentucky (502) 487-6123

September

Kentucky Fried Chicken Bluegrass Festival
Louisville, Kentucky (502) 456-8607

Frankfort Re-enactment
Frankfort, Kentucky (502) 564-3265

Black Gold Festival

Hazard, Kentucky (606) 439-1776

Marion County Country Ham Days
Leganon, Kentucky (502) 692-2661

LOUISIANA

The phoenix, as you probably know, was a Greek bird you couldn't kill—at least you couldn't kill it so it would stay dead. Just when you thought it was done for, set on fire and burned to a heap of fine ashes, all at once the pile of coals would begin to stir and here would come the phoenix again, the cinders congregating to form a beak, a head, a body, and finally—wings! At some point during this remarkable transformation what looked like a statue made of ashes would suddenly become a feather-covered creature of flesh and blood. At this stage, it would flap its enormous wings, give a screech of defiance, and leap into the air, once again the biggest thing flying.

The Greeks used to see in the repeated resurrection of the phoenix a propisious sign—the promise of Spring, the hope of immortality. Apparently they never thought about how it would be to have a real phoenix around, one you couldn't do in, no matter how you tried. After a while, the big bird would probably become self-satisfied, then arrogant. It would figure it could do anything it jolly-well pleased. At that point, it would go around violating rules and stepping on all the other birds, just to prove its own invulnerability.

And what has this got to do with recent events in the State of Louisiana? Why nothing, folks. Nothing at all.

July

Louisiana Catfish Festival
Des Allemands, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

Natchitoches Folklife Festival
Natchitoches, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

International Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo
Grand Isle, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

August

Calcasieu Cajun Festival
Sulphur, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

Cajun Hunters Festival
Galliano, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

Delcambre Shrimp Festival
Delcambre, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

September

Cajun Days
Church Point, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

Rayne Frog Festival
Rayne, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

Festivals Acadiens
Lafayette, Louisiana (504) 925-3850

MISSISSIPPI

Yankees are not moving into Mississippi quite as fast as they are moving into other Southern States, but Mississippians are experiencing another kind of immigration that is almost as bad—coyotes, approximately 450,000 of them according to wildlife experts. (When told of this marvel, a Texan we know shook his head sadly and said, "Well, I'm sorry to hear about that. I guess we'll just have to ship them a boxcar of armadillos to eat up them coyotes.)

One theory holds that a large lumber company brought the coyotes in to devour certain kinds of pests. Now what they have is a slightly larger and more vicious pest than they had before—one that will eat anything from string and pieces of tin all the way up to a cow.

Farmers who live near the larger national forests, where the newcomers make their ever-more-crowded home, report that cows who have just thrown calves and are still too weak to stand have been attacked and devoured by one or more coyotes, who—after finishing off mama—will polish off junior for dessert.

All of this illustrates a very obvious point that we have made on these pages more than once: folks ought to stay put and quit moving around the country.

MISSOURI

We received a letter recently, reprimanding us for saying ugly things about Harry Truman (something we haven't done for several months now).

"What you don't realize," our correspondent tells us testily, "is that President Truman's mother was a genuine Confederate. She was very bitter over Reconstruction, hated Yankees, and wouldn't let one in her house if she could help it. In fact, as long as she lived Harry pretty much left the South alone. And after he left the presidency, he started talking more like his Mama than he had for the previous twenty years. So at heart he was a good Southerner too. It's just that you can't always do what you believe in if you're a politician."

Well, we don't know about old Mama Truman, but that last sentence sure sounds like something that ought to be in *Bartlett's Quotations*.

July

National Tom Sawyer Days
Hannibal, Missouri (314) 221-2477

Sam Baker State Park Family Bluegrass Music
Jefferson City, Missouri (800) 334-6946

Ozark Empire Fair
Springfield, Missouri (417) 833-2660

August

Bootheel Rodeo
Sikeston, Missouri (314) 471-2498

Jour De Fete (St. Genevieve 251st Birthday)
St. Genevieve, Missouri (314) 833-3134

Fete Des Petites Cotes
St. Charles, Missouri (314) 946-7776

Missouri River Festival of the Arts
Boonville, Missouri (516) 882-7977

September

Pershing Balloon Derby
Jefferson City, Missouri (800) 334-6946

Cotton Carnival
Sikeston, Missouri (314) 471-2498

Old-Time Fiddling Championship
Columbia, Missouri (314) 874-7473

NORTH CAROLINA

There's trouble in the mountains, a feud of sorts, but thus far nobody has been shot or even stomped. It seems that the mayor of Seven Devils, North Carolina wants to change the name of the town.

Well, they took a survey, and out of 120 respondents, only 35 seemed to agree with the mayor, who says he has "an idea that will make everybody happy," a name he plans to unveil after we go to press.

But for what it's worth, we would like to say a word for the old name. In an age when towns and cities are forever telling the world how fine they are, it is refreshing to read about a place where folks know the real truth about the human condition. People who call their city "Los Angeles" are just kidding themselves, particularly the way they behave out there. And just think how much more honest it would be if they renamed New York "12 Million Sinners." You watch, Mr. McClean. If you call that little town "Seven Cherubs," all sorts of hell will break loose.

July

Fourth of July Fireworks USS (Battleship) North Carolina
Wilmington, North Carolina (919) 762-1829

High Country Jamboree
Boone, North Carolina (704) 264-5731

Lotus Blossom Festival
Franklin, North Carolina (704) 524-2937

Highlands Chamber Music Festival
Highlands, North Carolina (704) 526-3889

August

Battle Re-enactments and Craft Demonstration Sanford, North Carolina (919) 947-2051

North Carolina Apple Festival
Hendersonville, North Carolina (704) 693-6334

17th Annual Square-Up (Bluegrass and Clogging)
Union Grove, North Carolina (704) 539-4417

Michelob Cup Regatta
New Bern, North Carolina (919) 633-1527

September

IHRA US Open Nationals Drag Race
Rockingham, North Carolina (919) 582-2861

Surry County Agricultural Fair
Mt. Airy, North Carolina (919) 786-7565

American Indian Festival
Gastonia, North Carolina (704) 864-3962

8th Annual North Carolina Waterfowl Weekend
Kitty Hawk, North Carolina (919) 261-3801

SOUTH CAROLINA

There he was on TV: South Carolina Governor Richard Riley, dressed in a hard hat, grinning like a horse collar, wielding a shiny new spade, driving it into pre-plowed soil while a couple of hundred other people stand around and beam. The Governor was especially happy because he had promised to bring new industry into the State and thereby create new jobs. And the ground-breaking was for a huge new Mack Truck plant, which South Carolina had stolen away from poor Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Of course it cost the Palmetto State a lot to get Mack to make the move—trips to Pennsylvania, feasibility studies, tax concessions, full-page ads in the *Wall Street Journal*, and God knows what else. But it was worth it, because the plant will produce 1,200 new jobs for South Carolinians? Well, won't it?

As a matter of fact it probably won't! It seems that the Mack management has a labor contract that allows all workers to move with the plant and retain their old jobs. (The Governor didn't tell the home folks about that contract when he made the initial announcement that Mack was coming.)

And, as a matter of fact, John Curcio, President of all the Mack trucks in the world, said that, yes, they would certainly honor their contract with the union, that they were in the habit of honoring *all* their union contracts—which may be why they lost $59.2 million last year.

July

Hillbilly Day
Mountain Rest, South Carolina (803) 638-2038

South Carolina Tobacco Festival
Lake City, South Carolina (803) 394-2164

South Carolina Peach Festival
Gaffney, South Carolina (803) 489-1131

A Day In France (Truluck Vineyards)
Lake City, South Carolina (803) 389-3400

Waccamaw River Raft Race
Conway, South Carolina (803) 248-2273

August

Piedmont Scottish Festival
Greenville, South Carolina (803) 288-6470

Summer Soiree
Anderson, South Carolina (803) 224-8811

Big Daddy Fishing Tournament
Santee, South Carolina (803) 854-2131

TENNESSEE

When Dolly Parton fist saw that big "Hollywood" sign on a California hillside, she dreamed that the "H" might someday be replaced with a "D." And now it has. Dollywood, a new $400 million theme park, is now officially open for business, not in the Hills of Beverly, but at a place called Pigeon Ford in the Tennessee mountains.

Commendably, Ms. Parton has stated publically that her motivation is to preserve that special mountain world into which she was born 40 years ago. But you can't help but wonder. Even Dolly has her apparent reservations. In a recent interview, she is reported as saying

that "progress" in the Tennessee hills scares her and that a way of life is disappearing.

Still, Conway wanted "Twitty City," Barbara created "Mandrell Country," and then there was Walt Disney, whose land on the west coast soon grew east and formed a new World. So Dolly's urge to memorialize her success has ample precedent.

Of course, we agree with Cato The Elder who said a few thousand years ago that he would rather be called upon to explain why no monument had been erected in his honor than to have to explain why there was one.

July

Historic Jonesborough Days
Jonesborough, Tennessee (615) 753-2888

Fiddler's Jamboree
Smithville, Tennessee (615) 597-4971

Clarksville Walking Horse Show
Clarksville, Tennessee (615) 647-2331

August

Elvis International Tribute Week
Memphis, Tennessee (800) 238-2000

International Grand Championship Walking Horse Show
Murfreesboro, Tennessee (615) 890-9120

September

Tennessee State Fair
Nashville, Tennessee (615) 255-6441

Mid-South Fair
Memphis, Tennessee (901) 274-8800

National Crafts Festival
Pigeon Forge, Tennessee (615) 436-4616

TEXAS

This year Texas is celebrating it sesquicentennial, and The Lone Star State is drunk on its own history—which is rich and complicated. Where once folks could name only Stephen F. Austin, because of this year's heightened awareness, they can rattle off *all* the presidents of The Republic of Texas, and even young people are growing nostalgic for the Good Old Days when the United States of America was nothing more than "The nuisance to the north."

In order to gauge the current sentiments concerning such matters, the Texas A&M University poll recently asked Texans a whole host of questions, one of which concerned their views on annexation and how they would feel about seceding at this late date and going it alone (after all, Texas came into the Union with that option).

The results were stunning: 20% of Texans in the year 1986 believe that annexation was a bad thing and would support a move for secession!

And what would happen if Texans actually voted to secede? Would the Supreme Court honor the original agreement? The U. S. government failed to do so in 1861; but how would the current administration behave if, as a sesquicentennial gesture, someone were to put the question on the ballot and it were to pass?

VIRGINIA

Every prolonged war has its atrocity stories; and the latest comes from Arlington, Virginia, where Mary Clark, aged 83, had been told that she can no longer care for the small child she minds every day because in Fillmore Gardens, the apartment complex where she lives, they have instituted a policy of "adults only."

Although "Grandma" Clark has lived in the same apartment for 34 years, a spokesman for Fillmore Gardens explained that she has to comply with the policy, instituted in 1972, or move along. Says Dikran Kavaljian, attorney for the owners: "Look, this adults-only policy is perfectly legal. If you don't believe in the law, you don't break it. You change it. She has to leave if she doesn't stop baby-sitting. I believe in democracy."

Let's face it. All the owners had to do was look the other way; and if someone complained they could simply say, "Well, the old lady has been here a mighty long time, and we figure her case is exempted from the rule under 'the grandmother clause.'"

Instead, Mr. Kavaljian (of the old Tidewater Kavaljians) started quoting law books, and now the whole matter is before the courts. Who knows how it may be resolved? Perhaps with another famous Supreme Court decree the abolishes forever the right to exclude children from apartment complexes. And all because someone failed to recognize where the law ends and charity begins.

Robert E. Lee, who once lived in Arlington, would be very unhappy about all this. (As a matter of fact, so would Millard Fillmore.)

July

Jamestown Summer Celebration
Williamsburg, Virginia (804) 229-1607

Shenandoah National Park Anniversary
Shenandoah National Park, Virginia (703) 999-2243

Lynchburg Bicentennial Fourth of July
Lynchburg, Virginia (804) 528-1986

Manassas Commemoration (President Reagan)
Manassas, Virginia (703) 754-7107

First Manassas Re-enactment
Centreville, Virginia

August

Tomato Festival
Lynchburg, Virginia (804) 528-1986

Virginia Higlands Festival
Abingdon, Virginia (703) 628-8141

51st Old Fiddler's Convention
Galax, Virginia (703) 236-6355

165th Annual Jousting Tournament
Mt. Solon, Virginia (703) 350-2510

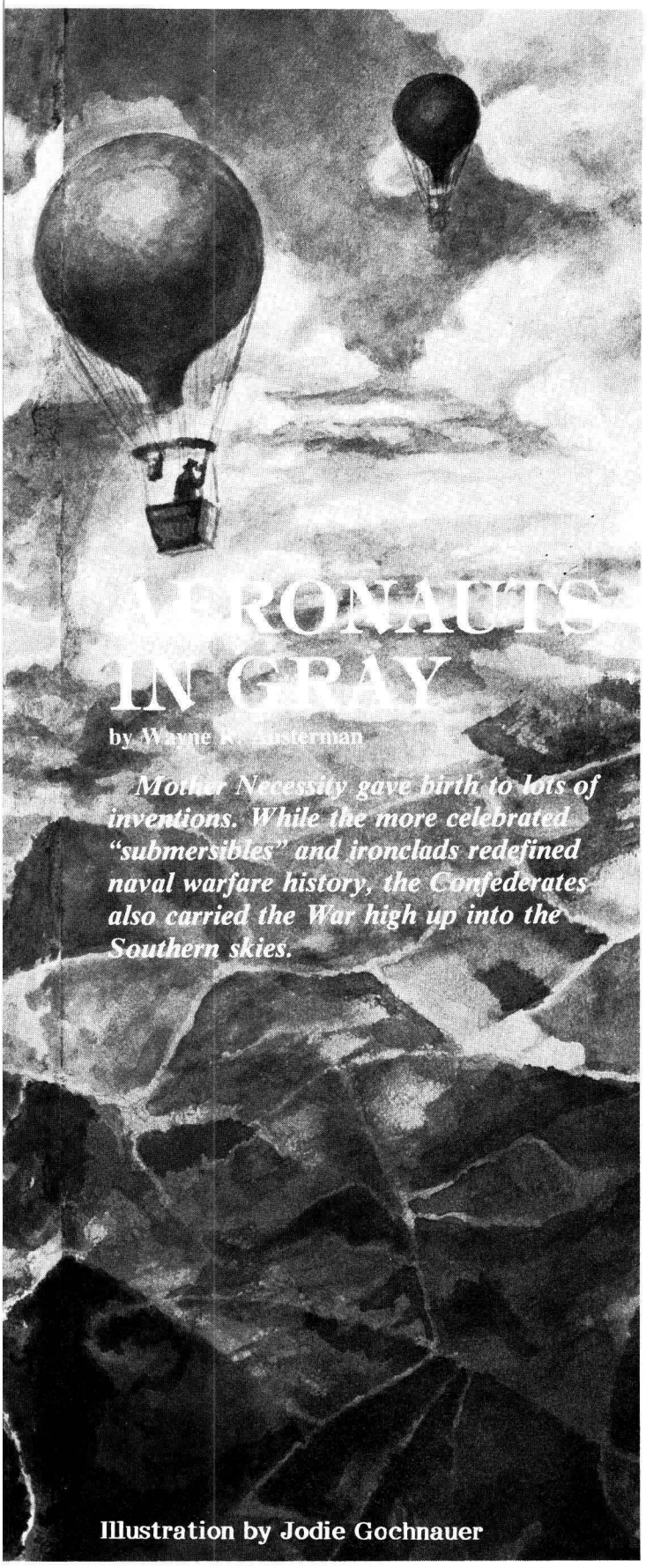
Aram's Delight Ice Cream Social
Winchester, Virginia (703) 662-6550

September

George Freeman Pollock Walk
Shenandoah National Park, Virginia (703) 999-2243

Hampton Bay Days
Hampton, Virginia (804) 727-6108

Fairfax Hunt Steeplechase
Belmont Plantation (703) 532-2257



AERONAUTS IN GRAY

by Wayne K. Austerman

Mother Necessity gave birth to lots of inventions. While the more celebrated "submersibles" and ironclads redefined naval warfare history, the Confederates also carried the War high up into the Southern skies.

Illustration by Jodie Gochnauer

In the gloom of a Spring night men swore and grunted in harsh counterpoint to the rustle of fabric and gentle creak of ropes as a huge form took shape in a Virginia pasture. Racing the coming dawn of that April day, the soldiers labored to send aloft the "eyes of their army." The Yankee invaders were driving hard against Richmond, and General Joseph E. Johnston needed all the intelligence he could gain if he was to stem their advance up the swampy peninsula that stretched from east of the city to Fortress Monroe on the Atlantic.

As the sky reddened over the Union lines the great cloth bag swelled into fullness and rose over the pasture. A skein of netting covered the balloon's upper hemisphere and a wicker basket dangled below secured by a harness rig.

Just then, a young officer reached up to stow his maps, telescope and sketching pad in the bobbing basket and gripped its rim to draw himself over sandbag-fastooned sides and into the tiny cabin itself. At his signal the troops released their guide lines and the craft began to rise gradually, tugging at the cable that fed back into a windlass to tether it securely to the earth while letting it soar to the proper altitude for observation of the bluecoats. Confederate aeronauts had taken to the skies to chart the enemy's movements and bring embarrassed consternation to those Northerners who had rated such a feat well beyond the grasp of these "rustics in rebellion."

The Union troops were really not justified in their surprise, for ballooning had been a popular activity in the South for nearly a decade before the War. As early as December, 1852, Monsieur Petin of the French Academy of Science had conducted a balloon flight from Lafayette Square in New Orleans. Three years later Alexander Morat, a veteran of over sixty ascensions, favored the Creoles with several flights from the Place d'Armes. In February, 1858 Morat staged a race with a rival English balloonist that resulted in a riot when the excited crowd surged out of control upon the Briton's unplanned and nearly fatal descent upon a house adjoining the Bank of Louisiana. Balloon fever raged unabated in the Crescent City. On another occasion Morat and a companion carried two young alligators aloft with them for purposes that still remain unclear.

The balloon craze spread to other parts of the South, and even the ladies became fascinated with the lure of flight. On July 10, 1858 Mrs. E. M. Davis ascended from Nashville in her craft, the *American Eagle*, crossed the Cumberland River and landed several miles away in the hamlet of Edgefield, Tennessee. In November 1859 a Professor Wilson and a young lady of Tuscumbia, Alabama made a flight in a smoke-filled balloon that carried the belle an easy quarter-mile at a decorous altitude that kept her within sight of her chaperones. "By and by," remarked a local journal, "the ladies will ascend by simply filling their crinolines with smoke—and that is all they lack of being angels."

The antebellum aeronauts became more daring as the decade passed. In the summer of 1859 four men cast off from St. Louis, Missouri and next touched ground again in Henderson, New York. The story was also told of a Southern balloonist who swept down from the clouds to land amidst a gang of terrified field hands on a Louisiana plantation, who thought he was Jesus and asked after his Father.

By 1861 thousands of Southerners had seen balloon ascensions and read exciting accounts of them in the newspapers. The sport had excited intense public interest, and many men were already aware of the military potential of such devices when the guns welcomed the angry dawn over Fort Sumter. The infant Confederacy would not lack for brave young men who were willing to trust their lives to the fragile envelope of a cloth bag filled with gas as they sought to serve their homeland in its desperate struggle for independence.

As early as May 1861 native aeronauts had volunteered their services to the Confederate government. By June the troops manning the fortifications around Washington could see their distant spheres bobbing against the Southern horizon. On the 14th nervous sentries reported watching an ascension from the Rebel lines beyond the Chain Bridge over the Potomac in the direction of the Leesburg Pike. The balloons were gathering intelligence for General P.G.T. Beauregard as he marshalled his troops around Manassass Junction and Beauregard's aeronauts Washington.

The Confederate aeronauts could rightly claim credit for the first balloon ascensions in American military history, for it was not until the 18th of June that Thaddeus S.C. Lowe made his first flight in Union service from the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. Five days later the anonymous Rebel balloonist made repeated ascensions from near Beauregard's outpost at Falls Church, Virginia.

By early July the opposing armies had concentrated around Manassass Junction and Beauregard's aeronaut had shifted operations to that vicinity, and won notice again in the Northern newspapers. After the subsequent defeat of a Northern army at the fighting around Manassas Junction a lull fell on operations in northern Virginia until the following spring. Late in August Major General Joseph E. Johnston advised Beauregard, "It seems to me that the balloon may be useful...Let us send for it; we can surely use it advantageously."

Although the details remain unknown, the Confederates had been able to organize groups of agents and informers in Washington to collect intelligence about the enemy's capabilities and intentions. Rockets and flares were available to the army for signalling, and Captain E. Porter Alexander, a signal officer, had erected a heliograph device on a hill with a direct line of sight to Washington. Alexander had also compiled a code book containing an alphabet based on the positioning of window shades at night in certain houses in the city. Similar codes were devised for use with flags, lanterns, and even window curtains. The balloon was also useful for observing these intricate communiques from the spy network, and early in September it was aloft over Munson's Hill with a clear view of Washington. By the winter it was anchored over Edward's Ferry, near Leesburg. Its presence so unnerved Union Brigadier General W.A. Gorman that he urgently requested that one of Lowe's balloons be posted over his command to counter the Rebel aerial spy.

In the spring Major General George B. McClellan left a strong garrison behind in the belt of forts that encircled Washington and loaded the bulk of the Army of the Potomac on transports that carried it down Chesapeake Bay to land at Fortress Monroe, a Union stronghold at the tip of the swampy peninsula that rose east of Richmond between the York and James rivers. On April 4 the ponderous blue force launched its advance up the peninsula in a bid to capture the Confederate capital. Upon reaching the defenses in front of Yorktown, McClellan found his way barred by Johnston and his army. On April 13 the Confederates hoisted a hot-air balloon that was crude of design, but served their purposes admirably. Captain John R. Bryan was assigned to serve as Johnston's eyes in the swaying wicker gondola of the craft. Although Bryan had to run the gauntlet of enemy artillery fire until the balloon ascended beyond the cannons' range, he found that once aloft he possessed a superb vantage point for observing Union deployments.

As Johnson slowly withdrew up the peninsula, Bryan's observations provided him with invaluable information about McClellan's movements. The young captain repeatedly braved massed batteries of Union guns to map the enemy positions and watch for signs of major movements. He almost met with disaster during the course of one mission. As his balloon ascended in the predawn gloom a curious soldier wandered too close to the coil of rope that was being paid out from a windlass to control the gasbag's altitude and rate of ascent. His leg became tangled in the cable, and as he was being drawn inexorably toward the windlass he screamed for help. A comrade seized an axe and unthinkingly severed the line, casting Bryan adrift.

The balloon caught a vagrant breeze and was wafted eastward toward the ocean. Bryan feared that it might go aground either in the York River or behind the Union lines. Neither prospect was inviting to him. Suddenly another shift of wind blew him back across his own lines, and the cooling mass of air within the cotton envelope began to send the craft earthward among the troops of the 2nd Florida Infantry. Bryan was horrified at his reception. "They turned out enmasse, and believing me to be a Yankee spy, followed me on foot, firing at me as fast as they could," he wrote. "In vain I cried to them that I was a good Confederate."

The fickle wind freshened again and the ponderous contraption lifted again, only to drop the gondola down to within 200 feet of the muddy York as Bryan prepared for a rough landing and long swim to shore. At the last moment the balloon soared again, and eventually came to ground near Williamsburg, safely behind Southern lines.

Despite his harrowing passage between the armies and the deeps, Bryan had been able to make notes on what he had seen in the enemy's camp, and he hastened to headquarters with his intelligence. "The information which I was able to give General Johnston as to the roads upon which the enemy were now moving enabled him to prepare for an attack whch was made by them early the next morning just before day," Bryan recalled proudly.

Johnston was wounded during a skirmish at Seven Pines, and command of the army devolved upon Robert E. Lee, who had an equally great appreciation for the value of aerial reconnaissance. During the bitter fighting of the "Seven Days" battles before Richmond another balloon entered Confederate service in time to render vital aid to the badly outnumbered Southern troops. Captain Langdon Cheves of Savannah, Georgia was a prewar aerial enthusiast who had commissioned the manufacture of a 7500 cubic foot, varnished silk balloon at his own expense in his native city. The balloon arrived in Richmond in mid-June, 1862, and was inflated with gas from the city gas works. Tugging at its tether ropes, the craft was hauled down Cary Street to the York River Railroad Station, where it was lashed to a flatcar and taken forward to the battle zone. By the morning of the 27th it was aloft, carrying the recently promoted Major Alexander. That afternoon a fierce battle erupted at Gaines' Mill while both the Rebel and one of Professor Lowe's rival Union balloons kept watch over the fighting. A Northern journalist reported that Cheves' balloon "floated, like a thing of omen, over the spires of Richmond. At that time the Federals were in full retreat, and all the acres were covered with their dead."

The new spy craft made repeated ascensions as the Yankees fell back from Lee's riposte to their offensive and retreated back down the peninsula to the river landing at Malvern Hill, reaching that point on July 1. During the hasty Federal withdrawal the blue balloon corps was forced to abandon some of its mobile gas-generating equipment, which was eagerly seized by the Rebels.

McClellan's new positions at Malvern Hill and Harrison's Landing on the James put the battlefield at least seven miles east of the railhead. It was hardly practical to move the balloon overland by road, so the *C.S.S. Teaser*, a shallow-draft gunboat was pressed into service as an aircraft carrier of sorts. On July 1, Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, C.S.N. and his delighted crew made the gasbag tight to the *Teaser's* stern and started down river from the pier at Richmond.

For the next three days an anonymous aerialist made ascents from the *Teaser's* decks to keep watch on the Yankees. The operation proceeded smoothly until July 4, when the boat ran aground on a sandbar at Turkey Bend. Her engines were straining to pull her free when the ironclad *U.S.S. Monitor* and its escort, the *U.S.S. Maratanza*, came steaming into view with their cannons flashing. The *Teaser* valiantly replied with her small battery of two guns, but it was hopeless. The larger Union vessels holed her boiler and sent several rounds through her upperworks. Davidson's crew reluctantly abandoned ship and made for the shore as the gleefull bluejackets captured both their vessel and its balloon. It was a hollow victory at best, for McClellan had been bloodily thwarted in his drive on Richmond, and by that time the Army of the Potomac was steaming back up the Chesapeake Bay for Washington. The two Rebel balloons had more than proved their value during the campaign.

Less than two weeks after the *Teaser's* loss, the Confederate government was funding the construction of another balloon in Savannah. Charles Cevor oversaw its fabrication and use. The balloon was airworthy by late August, and it aided General Beauregard in directing the coastal defenses of the Savannah-Charleston area of Georgia and South Carolina. In April, 1863, the U.S. Navy began a determined onslaught against Charleston in an effort to seal this vital Southern port forever. Cevor's balloon was wrenched loose from its moorings by a high wind and carried into Union hands when it drifted out to sea. It was the last Confederate balloon to see active service, but its loss did not mark the end of Southern attempts to carry on the struggle through this new device.

The Confederacy had restricted its balloon operations to observation of the enemy, but as early as the spring of 1861 one soldier was calling for aerial bombardment of the bluecoats with an admittedly hideous weapon. In June of that year Private Isham Walker of the 9th Mississippi Infantry wrote to Secretary of War LeRoy P. Walker with a novel proposition. Describing himself as a "practical Balloonist," Walker offered his services as an "araunatic reconnoiter, takeing Photographic positions" of the Union-held Fort Pickens and the enemy shipping in nearby Pensacola Harbor. For the expenditure of only $1200, promised the soldier, the Confederacy could outfit him with a balloon and all the necessary equipment to carry something much more fearsome than a wetplate camera aloft. Private Walker proposed to ascend to an altitude of two miles before dropping poison gas bombs onto the fort and the decks of the Union warships. The bloodthirsty aeronaut did not describe the design of his bombs or the precise nature of the gas, but he assured his superiors that the devices were "deadly and awfully destructive when fired," since he was capable of dropping them with "more unerring aim than can be had from any morter."

The government rejected Walker's proposal without giving it any serious consideration. Southerners were Christians, and the agonizing death created by poison gas was not something that they could inflict in good conscience even on their Yankee foes. Private Walker soldiered on as a rifleman until his discharge in 1863.

There were other doomed efforts to carry the war into the air. The Confederacy was being slowly strangled by the Union naval blockade of its seaports, and by midwar the situation was becoming grim enough for the South to try virtually any expedient that might break the stranglehold on its lifeline to Europe. William C. Powers of Mobile, Alabama came forth with a design for a helicopter bomber. Powered by a steam engine, the craft sported two sets of propellors geared to the engine. One set was to give it vertical lift, while the other was to provide power for horizontal flight. A rudder was provided for steering and a rolling weight was used to balance the airship fore and aft. The South's limited industrial capabilities prevented Powers' design from advancing beyond the design stage into a working prototype, and the contemporary steam engines were too heavy and underpowered to have propelled it successfully, but the racks fitted to its fuselage for carrying percussion bombs showed that he was in deadly earnest about fielding a weapon that would send Union cruisers to the bottom of the Atlantic.

There were other rumored attempts at constructing heavier-than-air craft in the Confederacy. One anonymous aviator was reputedly attempting construction of an airplane in a lumber yard at 7th and Main Streets in Richmond, Virginia. Designed as a bomber, the craft was supposed to carry the war into the streets of Washington just as soon as the craft was perfected. A violent windstorm wrecked the frail design before a test-flight could be attempted.

A "Professor Blank" allegedly constructed the "Artis Avis," an airplane powered by a one-horsepower engine, whose pilot could trigger release of its stowed artillery shells when he passed over enemy troop concentrations. During the siege of Petersburg in 1864, the professor toured the trenches soliciting funds from the troops to sustain construction and testing of his warbird. He then conveniently disappeared. There were rumors of another inventor whose glider craft had been successfully kept aloft behind a railroad locomotive, but that machine never saw action either. Johnny Reb was left to finish the war with musket in hand and both feet planted solidly on the ground. There would be no "Jeff Davis Squadron" or "Beauregard Escadrille" to strike the invader from the blue vault of the Southern sky.

The Confederate forays into aerial warfare may seem quaint and foredoomed to modern observers, but they were positive proof that there was no lack of imagination or resourcefulness in the Southern war effort. Certainly the surrender at Appomattox did not eradicate the warior strain in Southern manhood, and the descendant of at least one great Confederate chieftain rose to glory in the aerial combat of a later war.

In 1943 the United States 8th Army Air Force was locked in a vicious struggle with Hitler's *Luftwaffe* as its bombers sought to destroy German war industry in the heart of the Third Reich. Losses were heavy as the American aircraft staged repeated daylight raids into the teeth of the heaviest aerial defense yet mounted by any nation in the history of warfare. One of the bomber crews' most inspired leaders was a thirty-eight year old brigadier general named Nathan Bedford Forrest. Grandson of the peerless Confederate cavalry general, young Forrest commanded the 8th Air Force's 4th Bomb Wing. Like his grandsire, Forrest never led from the rear, and his B-17 customarily spearheaded each raid his unit flew into Germany.

On June 13, 1943 the bombers rose from their bases in England and assembled in a huge formation to mount an attack on the enemy submarine bases at Kiel on the Baltic Sea. Once again, General Forrest's plane flew in the vanguard as they thundered over the English Channel and struck eastward into Occupied Europe. As the armada closed on its target the Germans mounted a ferocious defense. Forrest's bomber stayed on course as its guns flashed in reply to the clouds of attacking enemy fighters. Observers in the planes to the rear were horrified when an entire squadron of Germans massed to strike at the general's B-17. Machine gun and cannon hits sparked and flared over the length of its fuselage as an engine burst into flames on one wing. More gunfire virtually chewed away the bomber's tail as it began a long death-spiral earthward. No parachutes appeared. Twenty-five other American bombers would follow Forrest's plane down to destruction that day, but the target would be hit with awesome fury as the bombs fell free from the B-17s. Lieutenant General Ira Eaker, 8th Air Force commander, would later describe Forrest's death as "a tragic loss to us." One thing is certain: On the day that young Tennessean died a great blade flashed in salute over the smoking skies of Germany and above the stammering of machine guns and cannon rose the proud lilt of a battered cavalry bugle sounding the Last Post for a Southern warrior. ☆

Wayne Austerman is a Confederate infiltrator of the U. S. Air Force Space Command in Oklahoma.

Dickey On The South

James Dickey is probably the South's best-known literary figure, if only because he wrote the novel *Deliverance*, translated it into an acclaimed screenplay, and then appeared in the film himself as the mammoth (and highly-credible) rural sheriff. Yet Dickey's worldwide reputation is not based primarily on his fiction or films. He is essentially a poet whose works are recognized by the best critics as among the most important of the twentieth century.

If you have complained that modern poets are too obscure, then you will be pleased to read Dickey, who in his most characteristic work returns to a native strain in English verse, one that is accessible to a wide audience without sacrificing the subtlety and complexity of more academic poets like Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom.

Even more gratifying to readers of the *Southern Partisan* is Dickey's celebration of a traditional sensibility long missing in modern literature, or else carefully disguised. In poems like "The Celebration," "Buckdancer's Choice," and "The Gamecock," he speaks simply and movingly about his own parents—their lives, their struggles and the dignity of their deaths. In these works he reveals a filial love that he refuses to dilute by irony or obscurity.

In poems like "The Hospital Window" and "The Sheep Child" he approaches the religious experience through analogy and indirection. Although these works are not recognizably orthodox, neither are they skeptical or flippant. They reflect an understanding that religion gives order and meaning to human conduct.

But perhaps the most eloquent of his "Southern" poems is "Hunting Civil War Relics at Nimblewill Creek," a lyric that renders fully and convincingly the way in which contemporary Southerners, given the proper circumstances, can still evoke a sense of the past, in this case the image of Dickey's own Confederate grandfather who comes to life as the poet and his brother search an old battlefield with a mine detector. This poem is the "Ode to the Confederate Dead" that Allen Tate, in an earlier time, could only write with irony, out of his sense of a past irrevocably lost. For Dickey, the past is present and accounted for, still on duty in the hearts of the current generation.

Part of Dickey's skill and power as a poet can be explained in terms of his background. He is a native Georgian who spent much of his youth traveling with his father in the hill country, where he learned the ways of people who still conducted themselves according to older codes and used a purer strain of English than he heard in Atlanta, a language not as yet corrupted by modern urbanization or technology. Thus Dickey's poetry has the sound of the human voice in it, a voice that never quite loses its idiomatic diction and syntax.

He was educated first at Clemson University, where

he was a star halfback, and then at Vanderbilt, where he was exposed to the literary influence of the Fugitive-Agrarians, most of whom he came to know personally in later years. At Vanderbilt he also gained a broader vision of English and American literature, both at the undergraduate and at the graduate levels; and then moved on to serve an apprenticeship under Andrew Lytle at the University of Florida.

After teaching in a number of colleges and universities throughout the country, Dickey finally chose to return to his native region, to the University of South Carolina, where he is currently Carolina Professor of English and Poet-in-Residence.

A Guggenheim Fellow for 1962-63, Dickey won the National Book Award for Poetry and the Melville Cane Award, both given for *Buckdancer's Choice*, an early collection of poems. His first novel, *Deliverance*, won the Prix Medicis in France (1971), and Dickey himself wrote the script for the movie, which is now regarded as a modern film classic.

At the age of 63, James Dickey is still robust and active. He tells the *Partisan* that he has four books scheduled for publication next year, one a novel. He was interviewed by the *Southern Partisan's* David Gillespie and Tom Landess at his home in Columbia, South Carolina overlooking Lake Katherine, where he answered all questions, however ill-framed, with courtesy and grace.

QUESTION: A few years ago you were interviewed by Bill Moyers, and he asked you a question he didn't quite let you finish. So we'd like to start out by asking you that same question again: You've made a conscious choice to come back to the South. You could have taught in the cultural northeast...
DICKEY: I did. I've taught in a lot of different places. I've taught in California. I've taught in Oregon. I taught in Wisconsin. All over.
QUESTION: But you chose to come back here to this region, so why do you like it here?
DICKEY: Well, because I'm a born Southerner. Many of my relatives are from here. My father's people were from the mountains. My mother's father came from Perry which is down in central Georgia, but my father's people are from Appalachia. And given a choice, I felt I would be more comfortable among people whose ways I understood. Besides that, the remnants of my family were here. When I moved back South, my mother and father were still alive, and my brother and sister still live north of Atlanta. I wanted to be in closer proximity than I had been when I lived in Oregon or California and before that in Italy. I didn't have a chance to see very much of them, and I'm very fond of them. Family, I think, means something a little more to Southerners than it does to other people. We have more of a European attitude.

This may be an illusion, but I believe there is at least a remnant of a code, a code of belief or morality in the South...

QUESTION: Yes, and a lot of your poetry is about family. Your poem "The Celebration," for example.
DICKEY: That one really works. It's quite believable. I mean there aren't any literaryisms in it. That's something very few poets can say of anything they've written.
QUESTION: For the benefit of our readers, it's a story about a son who comes to a fair or carnival and sees his parents, not expecting to see them there...
DICKEY: That'd be the last place I'd ever expect to see mine.
QUESTION: And then, all of a sudden...
DICKEY: ...He takes to following them around to see what they'll do. And they do these things that he would have never suspected. The father wins a teddy bear knocking over those heavy milk bottles, for example.
QUESTION: We have the girls and the fire-eater and the carnival music. All of a sudden the scene coalesces to produce a kind of insight into his parents...the vitality of their life, their sexuality.
DICKEY: Yes. They get on the ferris wheel and he sees them going around...their gold teeth flashing...and it ends something like this: Believers, I have seen the wheel in the middle of the air where old age rises and laughs, and on Lakewood Midway became in five strides, a kind of loving, a mortal, a dutiful son.
QUESTION: There's no better poem in the English language on that subject.
DICKEY: My goodness! There are a lot of poets, and they all had parents, so that's taking in a lot of territory. I'm glad you like it. It was based on an actual incident. Although it wasn't exactly like that, it was enough like it to make it something that speaks to me and my family, and I hope it would say something to other people.
QUESTION: Besides this sense of family, are there other advantages that you bring to your writing as a Southerner?
DICKEY: I think so. This may be an illusion, but I believe there is at least a remnant of a code, a code of belief or morality in the South...
QUESTION: A sense of piety?
DICKEY: Not exactly that. I don't know what the connection with religion would be, but I believe there probably is one. But whenever I knew a Southerner in the army (I was in twice), I always assumed he would do what he said he'd do. You know, there wasn't anybody from the South who tried to beg off from doing anything.

Of course, there are a lot of sorry people in the South. The jails are full of them. And they're sorry in a particular

Hunting Civil War Relics At Nimblewill Creek

As he moves the mine detector
A few inches over the ground,
Making it vitally float
Among the ferns and weeds,
I come into this war
Slowly, with my one brother,
Watching his face grow deep
Between the earphones,
For I can tell
If we enter the buried battle
Of Nimblewill
Only by his expression.

Softly he wanders, parting
The grass with a dreaming hand.
No dead cry yet takes root
In his clapped ears
Or can be seen in his smile.
But underfoot I feel
The dead regroup,
The burst metals all in place,
The battle lines be drawn
Anew to include us
In Nimblewill,
And I carry the shovel and pick

More as if they were
Bright weapons that I bore.
A bird's cry breaks
In two, and into three parts.
We cross the creek; the cry
Shifts into another,
Nearer, bird, and is
Like the shout of a shadow—
Lived-with, appallingly close—
Or the soul, pronouncing
"Nimblewill":
Three tones; your being changes.

We climb the bank;
A faint light glows
On my brother's mouth.
I listen, as two birds fight
For a single voice, but he
Must be hearing the grave,
In pieces, all singing
To his clamped head,
For he smiles as if
He rose from the dead within
Green Nimblewill
And stood in his grandson's shape.

No shot from the buried war
Shall kill me now,
For the dead have waited here
A hundred years to create
Only the look on the face
Of my one brother,
Who stands among them, offering
A metal dish
Afloat in the trembling weeds,
With a long-buried light on his lips
At Nimblewill
And the dead outsinging two birds.

I choke the handle
Of the pick, and fall to my knees
To dig wherever he points,
To bring up mess tin or bullet,
To go underground
Still singing, myself,
Without a sound,
Like a man who renounces war,
Or one who shall lift up the past,
Not breathing "Father,"
At Nimblewill,
But saying, "Fathers! Fathers!"

all the people killed. You see that field. It's nothing but pinestraw, but an engagement in the War is still there. All you have to do is go get it."

My son said he knew he had a heck of a title then and decided to call it "War Under the Pinestraw." And it's good. I wish I had time to show it to you. It won the Grand Prize for "Documentary" in the Atlanta Film Festival.

QUESTION: About Atlanta...from your days in Buckhead till now, a good amount has obviously changed.

DICKEY: Oh, I can't even find the house I grew up in any more. I can't find anything. I did speak a few months ago to my old high school and although it does have some additions to it, it is hearteningly similar to the way it used to be. If I were to drive up there and get out where I used to get out and go to homeroom today, I would feel that I had been in a time machine. It would have taken me back to 1937. It's exactly the same. At least superficially... and maybe it seems the same more than it really is because everything else has changed so radically. Everything. I can't find anything, not even my old neighborhood. Everything's been torn down...

QUESTION: And they have another Buckhead sixty miles down the road.

DICKEY: They do?

QUESTION: You go sixty miles down the Interstate and see another exit for Buckhead.

DICKEY: I believe I've seen that. Just can't trust nobody! Not even in the South.

QUESTION: We have to talk about Vanderbilt and Davidson...

DICKEY: Yes, he was a remarkable man. I really didn't know him that well.

QUESTION: You talk like an Agrarian.

DICKEY: I knew all of them to varying degrees. I was Andrew Lytle's assistant at the University of Florida. I was one of his associate editors on *The Sewanee Review* for several years. So I knew him, probably better than the others. I knew Allen Tate. I met John Ransom only on one occasion.

QUESTION: You were talking about urbanization and industrialization...

DICKEY: If you do like your roots in the South enough to move back here when you have an option, if you like certain characteristics about it, then the forces that are destroying the characteristics that you like are the things you're going to be against.

I suppose in a way I feel this way because of my father's interest in the country and the old people back up in the hills. I spent most of my childhood with him. My mother was an invalid. My father's main interest in life was in gamecocks and chicken fights. I spent a lot of time going around with him in North Georgia. I got used to the way country people saw things and the way they acted. They always seemed very kindly people to me and anxious to do stuff for you, don't you feel?

QUESTION: Oh, yes. But it's not lost. I flew out of New York the day before yesterday and saw this wasteland below. It looked like a bombed-out city. It doesn't look like that down here, even around Atlanta.

DICKEY: Well, you go up to North Georgia, to places like Helen, Georgia. They've turned it into a pseudo-Swiss resort. It is going to be the New Gatlinburg. Isn't it awful?

QUESTION: Of course, Gatlinburg used to be a real mountain community where you could hear authentic fiddle playing...

DICKEY: Yes, I'm a great mountain folk music fan. I can tell you the guy who's holding the line on that. He's an authentic Southern musician, a singer who has got every intonation of country voice and great skill in his instrument. When he goes, we're not going to have anything left but his records. I'm talking about Doc Watson. Doc Watson can flat pick like it ought to be done. It's a wonderful music.

You speak about the arts down here. There are two great types of music that the New World gave to the rest of the world. You've got the Blues on one side, Jazz, the Black music. And then you've got the Southern Appalachian strain that comes out of the Scotch Irish people up there in those hills, from which comes what we call "country and western" and the Nashville sound. Everybody in the world loves it. It's just super. That's my music, boy. I tell you, I am quite sure I would not like it as much if it did not express to me something about where I came from and the people who are kin to me.

QUESTION: Do you think the developers will destroy our music along with our trees?

DICKEY: The ski resorts! They drive me crazy. Because you have to have mountains to have those things—real snow or artificial snow. They're cutting those huge swaths of virgin timber. It's terrible.

QUESTION: Let me ask you this: Obviously *Deliverance* was a movie set in the South and more and more movies are being made about the South. Do you really think the movie makers and television miniseries makers are being fair to the region?

DICKEY: Being fair? It's difficult to say. I probably don't see as many movies as you do, although I've made a couple or three. I know that the director of *Norma Rae* also made the first of Pat Conroy's movies. And *Norma Rae* is rather hard on the racial bias of Southerners.

QUESTION: Aren't they just giving the country reprises of all those old days we've put behind us?

DICKEY: Well, the idea of the Southerner, any Southerner, as a racial bigot is very difficult to lay to rest, because there has been a lot of that down here as the result of social and economic forces and the flow of history that nobody could help. Donald Davidson used to be very good on this, saying the climate itself en-

couraged the importation of chattel slavery. So we were sort of trapped by that situation and a bloody war was fought. Nobody is going to hold any grief for slavery; not now and Southerners didn't then, either.

QUESTION: But still we see the South portrayed as culturally deprived.

DICKEY: That's the sort of thing H.L. Mencken used to talk about in his famous essay where he characterized the South as "the Sahara of the Bozart." They can't say that now. We've got the best writers in the country.

QUESTION: That's right. We've got fifty years of them. And all this literature has to have grown out of something that was essentially Southern. Let me ask you this: As you know, some people say the Southern literary Rennaisance came to an end with World War II. Do you believe that?

DICKEY: No, no.

QUESTION: Do you think there's a community of letters still here that encourages young writers?

DICKEY: I think so. I don't know of any movements or groups like the Fugitive-Agrarians, though. But there are plenty of good writers.

QUESTION: As poets they never thought of themselves as constituting a movement. They were just a bunch of people who got together.

DICKEY: You take a writer like Faulkner, I was just down in Oxford, his hometown, last week. The defeat of the South and the change in the social order provided Faulkner with a great tragic theme, with many, many ramifications, because he and his people had lived it. A person could spend his whole life, as Faulkner did, exploring or exploiting that tragedy.

If the South had won, there would not be as rich a source of material, because the essential human predicament is tragedy. It's tragic. That's why tragedy itself is a greater genre than comedy, because the fact that we die makes life tragic. And this is why the most powerful literature is tragic. Some of the most amusing, some of the most thought-provoking literature is comic, but the tragic is the greatest literature. Shakespeare's tragedies are far more powerful and have far more profundity than the comedies because he had the talent that could exploit the great theme. The same with Faulkner.

Take a writer who's essentially a comic writer, like Walker Percy. He is a wonderful writer. He's much more talented a writer *qua* writer than Faulkner. Yet his work has not nor will it ever have the resonance of Faulkner, because Faulkner's theme is so much greater. It's rooted much more deeply in the human psyche than anything Walker Percy would be doing.

QUESTION: If another talent like Faulkner came along, could current society provide the same resonance?

DICKEY: I think it could. Maybe not exactly the same. Social change goes on. For the thinking novelist, social change, which is what Faulkner wrote about, is still here. I don't know if we'd have the tragic dimension of Faulkner's best work, but it's possible we might.

Did you see *The Doll Maker* on TV, for example? The best thing I ever saw Jane Fonda do. A Southern woman goes with her husband to Detroit and she tries to preserve a Southern way of life, practicing the rural Appalachian doll making. Very powerful. The contrast is a good one. The contrast between the previous South, of even fifty years ago, and now.

A lot can be done with that. It won't be done by me because I don't have the interest in working out people's lives. I admire those people, but that's not the kind of thing I write.

QUESTION: A final question on poetry. The work of the Fugitives depended heavily on irony and pedantic diction. So in some ways, contemporary poetry is better because there's a greater versatility of language...

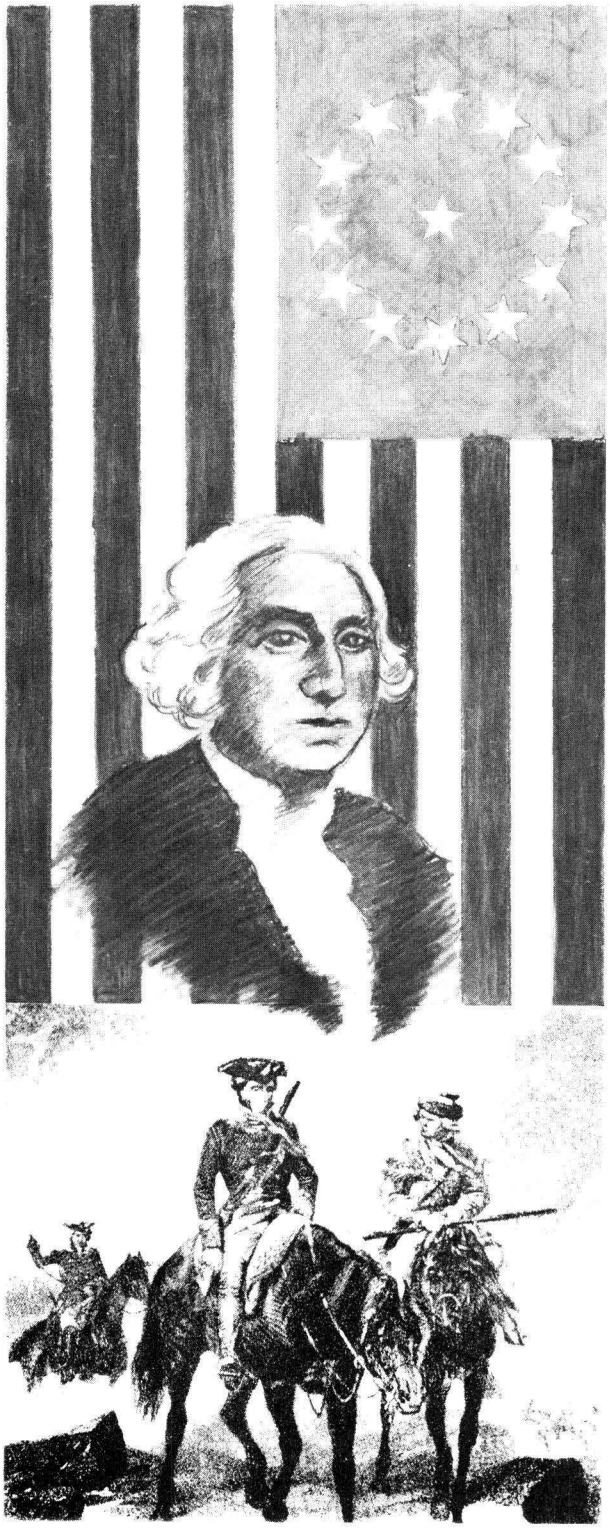
DICKEY: I think so. There is not really a world class poet among the Fugitives. The best was John Crowe Ransom. But he is so specialized. A taste for his poetry is like a taste for Hollandaise Sauce. It's an acquired taste. Robert Penn Warren is one of my closest friends. He's a very fine poet indeed. Uneven and ragged, but at his best he touches a height that none of the others do, because he has the tragic dimension. Therefore, with his energy and his strange countryman's kind of integrity, it produces a poetry that's above anything the others did.

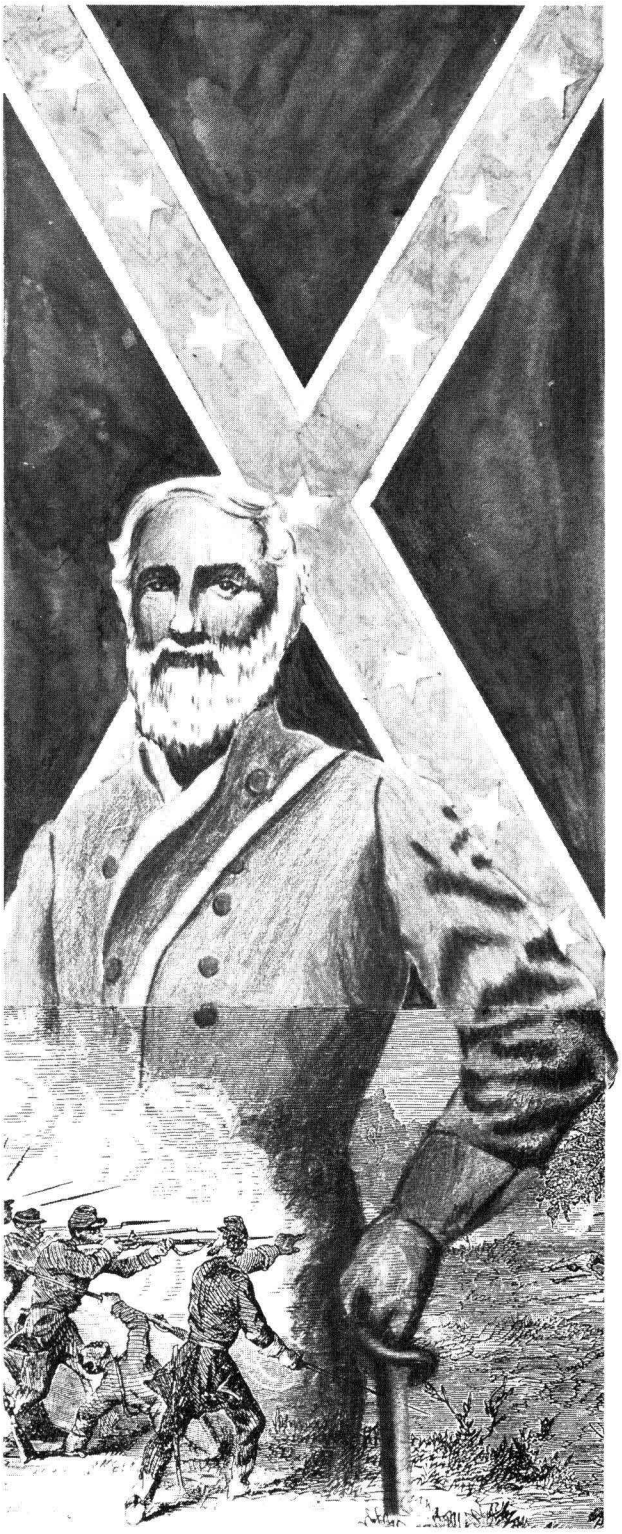
QUESTION: Any words of wisdom or advice for aspiring Southern writers?

DICKEY: Well, not just for Southern writers. I would say look in your own life for the things that seem to you to have the most significance, whether there's a reason for that significance or not. A very easy way to do this is to grab hold of the thing that keeps coming back into your mind without there being any reason for it. Take hold of that, more or less consciously, and commit yourself to the subject wholeheartedly—one hundred percent. See where it takes you, and just start writing about it. ☆

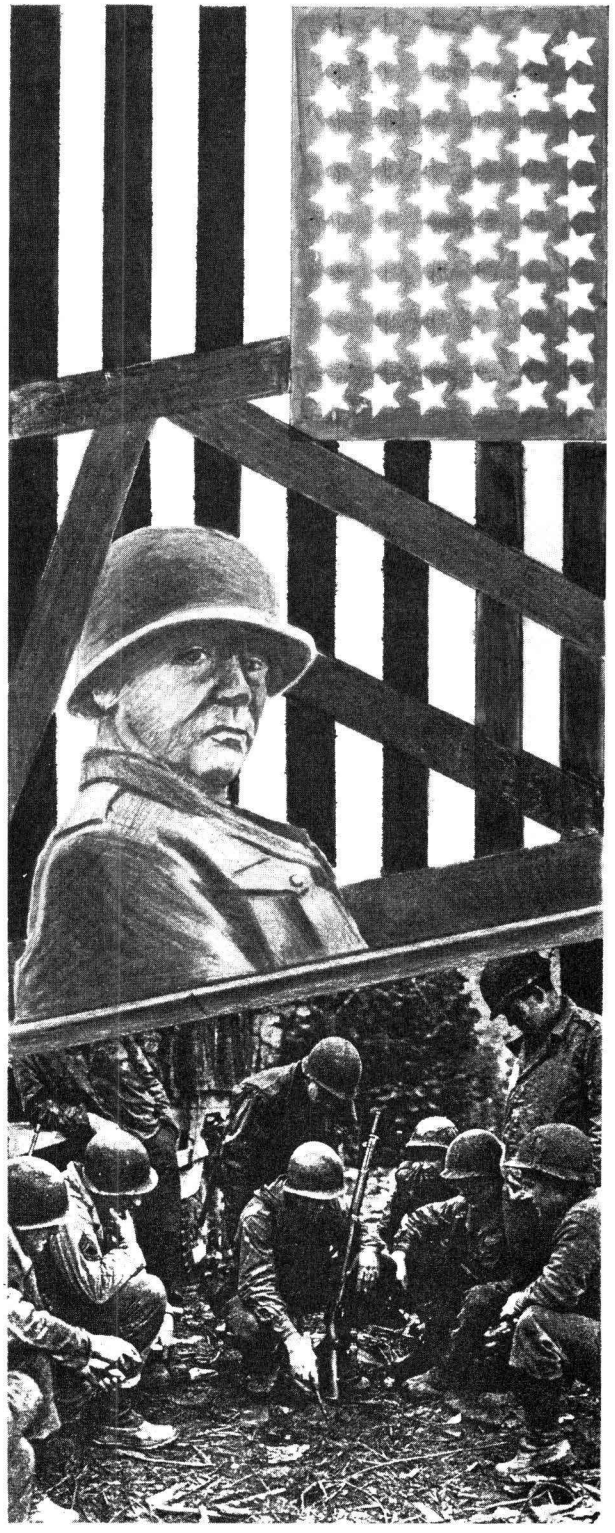
by William R. Hawkins

On All Fronts:





The Southern Military Tradition



Patton, outstripping all other commanders in his rush across Germany, not only relied on Jackson's tactics but also on the fortitude of men who descended from the troops that Jackson commanded.

Military heroes have long been associated with the South; however, most Americans are familiar only with those produced by the American Revolution (George Washington, Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion) or the War of 1812 (Andrew Jackson) or the Mexican War (Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis) or the War Between the States (Robert E. Lee, J.E.B. Stuart, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson). Yet, the Southern military tradition did not end at Appomatox. The South has continued to provide the nation with leadership in time of national emergency and to supply the ranks of the professional armed services with a disproportionate share of leaders. The same qualities of dedication, hard-work and fighting spirit born of traditional Southern culture have made themselves felt in the Twentieth Century as well as past centuries.

Southerners distinguished themselves among the highest ranking commanders of the United States and Allied Forces. Still, it is difficult to claim MacArthur, given the background and achievement of his father, a Union hero. But George Patton is another matter. He was named for his grandfather, a Confederate general who was felled at the Battle of Cedar Creek. Patton was not born in the region, but he remained under its spell for the entirety of his life. While a small boy he listened to tales of the War Between the States, as related to him by a fire-eating uncle; and though the family moved to California where George was born, he grew up in a house where Robert E. Lee's picture over the fireplace constantly reminded him of his true home and people.

It was fitting, therefore, that when George Patton commanded troops in World War II they came mainly from the South, with a heritage, military as well as familial, that was the same as his own. His constant praise of his men's courage and stamina and his heavy reliance on those very qualities when the situation demanded them, suggest his lifelong preoccupation with Stonewall Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, where Jackson called on his "foot cavalry" to endure long and swift marches in order to surprise the enemy. Patton, oustripping all other commanders in his rush across Germany, no only relied on Jackson's tactics but also on the fortitude of men who descended from the troops that Jackson commanded.

Small wonder that George Patton was Eisenhower's most successful lieutenant—and his most controversial.

The South also produced a disproportiante share of courageous men who were less well known, leaders whose judgments and actions were vital to the success

of American strategy. Five such men in the European Theater were Generals Courtney H. Hodges, William H. Simpson, Joseph L. Collins, Walton H. Walker and Leonard T. Gerow.

Courtney Hodges was born in Perry, Georgia in 1887. He failed math and dropped out of West Point in 1905 but did not let that stop him from a military career. He enlisted as a private in 1906. By 1909 he was an officer and during 1920-24 he was on the West Point faculty. He served with the Mexican Punitive Expedition in 1916-17 and fought as a Major with the 6th Infantry in France during the battles of St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne in World War I. Already a Major General in 1941, he became a Lt. General when he took over the First Army, Omar Bradley having been promoted to command the 12th Army Group. The 12th Army Group included the First, Third (George Patton) and Ninth (William Simpson) Armies. Bradley considered Hodges "a master technician" of "faultless techniques and tactical knowledge." Under Hodges, the First Army sent the first U.S. troops into Paris and the first troops through the Seigfried line. The First Army bore the brunt of the Battle of the Bulge. It was also the Big Red 1 which seized intact the bridge at Remagen to cross the Rhine River. Hodges was prepared to take his Army to the Pacific when the war ended. Promoted to four stars, he commanded the First Army until his retirement in 1949.

William Simpson was a native of Weatherford, Texas and a 1909 graduate of West Point. He also served in the Mexican Punitive Expedition and then with the 33rd Infantry Division in World War I in France. Simpson taught at the Army War College 1936-40. In 1944 he was ordered to England to command the Ninth Army which was activated outside Brest in September. The Ninth took Brest and then marched eastward across France and the Low Countries until they entered the German industrial heartland of the Ruhr Valley. Along the way, it was bloodied at Aachen, in the Huertgen Forest and in the Ardennes. And was the first U.S. Army to cross the Elbe River.

Walton H. Walker was another Texan, born in Belton in 1899. After attending Virginia Military Institute for a year, he transferred to West Point. He fought in World War I in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. He taught at West Point and served in China between the wars and was on the staff of the War Plans Division when World War II started. In January 1942 he was given command of the 3rd Armored Division as a Brigadier General but was commanding the entire 20th Corps by the end of the year as a Major General. Assigned to Patton's Third Army in July 1944, the 20th spearheaded the drive to Rheims, reduced the fortress city of Metz and penetrated the Seigfried line so quickly that the 20th became known as the "Ghost Corps." Walker's Corps liberated the concentration camp at Buchenwald in April, 1945 and Walker was promoted to Lt. General the same month. His career did not end with World War II, however; he commanded the 8th Army in Japan and when South Korea was invaded by communist forces, he led the famous defense of the Pusan Perimeter and the following offensive up the Korean pennisula which coincided with MacArthur's master-stroke at Inchon. He was killed in a jeep accident outside of Seoul in December, 1950.

Joseph Collins distinguished himself in the Pacific before being transferred to Europe. Born in New Orleans in 1896, Collins earned the nickname "Lightning Joe" as a Major General commanding the 25th Infantry Division as reinforcement for Guadalcanal and then as the lead element in the fierce fighting on New Georgia. In March, 1944 the West Point graduate (1917) was sent to England to take command of the 7th Corps which landed at Normandy and spearheaded the Operation Cobra breakout at St. Lo in July. The 7th Corps fought in nearly all the important battles on the road to Germany: Avranches, Mortain, the Falaise Pocket, the West Wall, Aachen, the Huertgen Forest, the Ardennes and Remagen. In August 1945 he became Chief of Army Ground Forces and then Army Chief of Staff in 1949 before retiring.

Leonard Gerow was a native of Petersburg, Virginia and graduated from VMI in 1911. Gerow was chief of the War Plans Division as a Major General in 1940. He commanded the 5th Corps during the Normandy invasion and was the first American General to enter Paris. An expert at logistics, his promotion to Lt. General put him in command of the Fifteenth Army on the northern French coast charged with clearing out the last German remnants and keeping the vital supply ports open. He was also given the task of analyzing the entire war effort as President of the Theater General Board. He ended his career as Commandant of the Command and General Staff College in 1949.

The war in Europe spawned a need for specially trained, elite combat units. The Rangers and the Paratroopers filled that need. A pioneer in the development of the Rangers was Lucian K. Truscott who was born in Chatfield, Texas and grew up in Oklahoma. Commissioned a cavlary officer in 1917, he was early attuned to the nature of crack units. As a Brigadier General in 1942 he observed the British Commandos while serving on the Allied Combined Staff. Truscott trained the first Ranger units and led them at the bloody assault on Dieppe where many costly lessons were leanred. He led the attack on Port Lyautey in Morocco as a Major General then commanded the 3rd Infantry Division for the Sicily landings. He spearheaded the drive to Palermo and Messina. At the near-disaster of the Anzio landing, he took over command of the trapped 7th Corps and led the breakout to link up with the advancing Fifteenth Army in late May. After taking his corps into southern France, he returned to Italy to command the Fifth Army through

The following list contains only a few of the military heroes of the South during World War II. The men listed here stand as representatives of the thousands of Southerners who fought and died on battlefields all over the world.

RIDGWAY, MATTHEW B. Born in Ft. Monroe, Virginia, Ridgway commanded the 82 Airborne in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and on the beaches of Normandy.

TAYLOR, MAXWELL D. Born in Keytesville, Virginia, Taylor fought in Italy, serving as a spy behind Axis lines and later commanded the 101st Airborne on June 6, 1944.

SMITH, HOLLAND M. A native of Seale, Alabama commanded four Marine divisions in the 5th Amphibious Force and was responsible for planning every assault in the Central Pacific from the Marianas to Iwo Jima to Okinawa.

LOCKWOOD, CHARLES of Missouri commanded all U.S. submarines in the Pacific and recorded the action in his 1951 memoirs, *Sink 'em All!*

EAKER, IRA C. A Texan, Eaker pioneered air warfare. Commanding the 8th Bommer Command ("The Mighty 8th"), Eaker led the first B-17 heavy bomber mission in Europe, hitting Rouen on August 17, 1942.

CHENNAULT, CLAIRE LEE born in Commerce, Texas was hired by Madame Chaing Kai-shek after a distinguished career during the 20's (retired by the Army because of deafness) to train the Chinese Air Force. Even before America entered the War, he was credited with shooting down 37 Japanese aircraft. In 1940, he returned to the U.S. to form the famous "Flying Tigers" who, in their first seven months of combat, shot down 299 enemy aircraft, while only losing 10 of their own pilots and 32 of its planes.

the Po Valley and the liberation of Bologna. He followed Patton in command of the Third Army during the German occupation.

Another Southerner who distinguished himself was Major General Vandergrift from Middleburg, Florida who led the 1st Marine Division ashore at Guadalcanal. The division, often cut-off from outside aid, fought continuously until relieved in December after the island was secured. Vandergrift had been a student at the University of Virginia before enlisting in 1908. He had served in Nicaragua, Vera Cruz and China. He won the Medal of Honor for his efforts on Guadalcanal and became the second Marine in history to wear three stars when promoted to Lt. General in July, 1943. In March 1944 he became the first Marine to win four-stars. As commander of the 1st Marine Amphibious Corps after Guadalcanal, he continued the advance up the Solomons. He became Commandant of the Marine Corps in January 1944. His 1st MAC command was turned over the Roy S. Geiger.

Geiger was a pioneer in marine aviation, being the fifth Marine to take pilot training. Commissioned in 1909 after a brief law career, he commanded the 1st Marine Aviation Force in France during 1918. He honed his strategic and leadership skills between the wars by graduating from the Army's Command and General Staff College, the Army War College and the Navy War College. As a Brigadier General, Geiger commanded the Marine Air Wing at Guadalcanal. It was this "Cactus Air Force" which was the key to Guadalcanal's strategic value and survival. It was a composite force of Marine, Navy and Army pilots flying a mix of fighter and attack planes, many obsolete and all chronically short of spare parts and fuel. The Japanese had more and better aircraft, but the geographical position and superior tatics of the American air unit turned the tide both in the air and on the sea around the island.

Though aged 57 and thus beyond the time when he should have been flying combat missions, Geiger knew the value of leading from up front. At one particularly low point in the morale of the Cactus crews, Geiger took one of the Marine's few SBD dive-bombers on a solo mission to a neighboring Japanese island to deliver a 1,000-pound explosive message. As far as anyone knows, no other man of his age and rank has ever personally piloted a combat mission. He was then a Major General.

He took command of Guadalcanal after Vandergrift and spent the rest of the war as a ground force commander, leading the 3rd Marine Amphibious Corps at Guam, the Palau Islands and Okinawa. And on Okinawa he became the first Marine to command a field army (the Tenth Army composed of the 3rd Marine and 24th Army Corps). By the end of the war, he was a Lt. General in command of the entire Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. He died in January, 1947 and was voted a posthumous fourth star by Congress.

The legendary "Chesty" Puller won his third Navy Cross on Guadalcanal and became the symbol for all that the Marine Corps stands. A graduate of VMI, Puller held a Reserve commission during World War I. Discharged when the Marines demobilized in 1919, he re-enlisted as a corporal. Between wars he served with the American-organized Haitian Gendarmerie and in Nicaragua and China. An early advocate of jungle warfare training, he fit the environment perfectly when he commanded a battalion with the 7th Marine Regiment at Guadalcanal. Lt. Colonel Puller directed his battalion and its reinforcements which stood off an attack by a Japanese regiment the night of October 24-25. Had the Japanese broken through to the airfield just behind Puller's line, Guadalcanal might have been lost. But instead the attack along Bloody Ridge cost the Japanses twenty dead for every American who fell.

He won a fourth Navy Cross during the New Gloucester campaign on New Britain and advanced to command the crack 1st Marine Regiment at Peleliu. He was to command that regiment again at Inchon during the Korean War and in the liberation of Seoul. He retired in 1953 as a division commander, the most decorated Marine in history and one of its most outspoken, constantly affronting his superiors with undiplomatic suggestions as to how America's combat forces could be improved.

Though the fighting on Guadalcanal was the most vicious of the war, the campaign also involved frequent surface naval battles, a rarity in modern naval warfare where fleets normally fight each other with aircraft (and now missiles) without ever actually seeing each other's ships. The Japanese often came out ahead in these encounters due to greater pre-war training in night tactics, but one major exception was the climactic Naval Battle of Guadalcanal the night of November 13-14. And what would a history of an American war be without the presence of a Lee? In this case, Rear Admiral William A. Lee, a direct descendent of Charles Lee, the Attorney General under both Presidents Washington and Adams and the uncle of Robert E. Lee. Born in Kentucky, he had earned the nickname "Ching" Lee from his long years of service in Asian waters between the wars.

Lee was a deadshot with a rifle and had been on the U.S. team which had won five Gold Medals for marksmanship in the 1920 Olympics. He stressed accurate gunnery on his warships, which paid-off handsomely that November night. Flying his flag in the new battleship *Washington*, he discovered that his ship was the only American unit still in action against a Japanese battleship and two heavy cruisers. However, eight quick salvos reduced the enemy battleship *Kirishima* to a wreck in minutes to be finished off by air attacks from the Cactus pilots in the morning. The rest of the Japanese battlefleet turned and fled.

Lee would become commander of all U.S. battleships in the Pacific and as a task force commander lead the most powerful battleships in support of the invasion fleets which captured the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas, Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He died of natural causes in August, 1945 while in the U.S. to develop anti-Kamakaze tactics only eight days before the war ended.

The South contributed its fair share and more to the ranks of America's outstanding war leaders. Concentrating on higher ranking officers is not meant to slight the millions of other Southerners who contributed their valor and blood to the cause of victory, be they divisional commanders or riflemen. The sons of the South were to be found in all services and on all fronts.

The Second World War has been called the last "good" war in the sense that the nation was united behind the war effort and a clear victory was achieved. Much of this can be credited to the generations which waged that war and to the society which bred such men. Southerners who fought in the Second World War, especially the more mature leaders of that conflict, were born nearly a century ago. Their roots were still essentially Agrarian and "unsophisticated" by current standards. The men they led were, of course, much younger with more of an urban-industrial upbringing. Yet, the older values of hard-work, discipline, family and community had not been abandoned. The Depression had reminded people that success was not automatic and Pearl Harbor reminded them that the world was still a dangerous place.

Southern culture has always been rooted in values well-suited to the needs of war. As Richard M. Weaver argued: *The South has kept something of the attitude of the soldier: aware of the battle, he has only contempt for the tender, querulous, agitated creature of modern artifice, sighing for the comforts he is "entitled to," and protesting that the world cannot really be like this. I am sure that [Robert E.] Lee, so reserved in expression, so wise in thought, had this in mind when he called self-denial the greatest lesson to be learned.*

It is an open question, given the Vietnam experience and the hostility of the "sophisticated" segments of popular opinion toward all things military, whether America could ever again equal its World War II performance. The values held by the "Me" generation and the "Yuppies" would make Washington, Jackson and Puller spin in their graves. Only in the South and some portions of the West does the traditional attitude (nowhere better summarized than by Confederate veteran John B. Gordon, who wrote eloquently, "With me is Right, before me is Duty, behind me is Home") still manifest itself as a tangible public philosophy. And even in these "reactionary" areas, the flame does not burn quite as bright as it once did. ☆

William R. Hawkins is former professor of economics at Radford University.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Patrick Buchanan

Patrick J. Buchanan's White House office is only a few steps from the Oval Office of the President. When he joined the Reagan White House as director of communications at the beginning of Reagan's second term, liberals groaned in dismay but conservatives rejoiced to have an articulate conservative spokesman a step away from the President. Buchanan is familiar with the White House and the ways of power. He served as a special assistant to President Richard Nixon from the beginning to the end of the Nixon administration and in the midst of Watergate was hailed by conservatives and liberals alike for his integrity. A native of Washington, D.C., the 47-year-old Irish Catholic graduated *cum laude* from Georgetown University in 1961 and holds a Masters degree from Columbia University School of Journalism. After serving briefly as an editorial writer for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* Buchanan joined the Nixon campaign in 1966. Along with William Safire, he was one of Nixon's main speechwriters and also prepared the "President's Daily Briefing Book." After the Nixon resignation, Buchanan became a nationally syndicated conservative columnist, wrote a book, and sparred with liberal Tom Braden on CNN's *Crossfire* program.

In February of last year Buchanan put aside a salary estimated at $400,000 a year to accept his present White House post, which reportedly came with the annual pay of $75,000. Buchanan has been praised by conservatives and criticized by liberals for encouraging Ronald Reagan to maintain conservative positions on a variety of issues—responsibility Buchanan declines to accept. "The best thing conservatives have going for them," Buchanan says, "is the man in the Oval Office."

Southern Partisan* interviewer Rod Gragg met with Buchanan in the West Wing of the White House recently and discussed a wide range of topics for this issue of *Southern Partisan.

PARTISAN: Unlike a lot of folks in the Nixon White House you walked away from Watergate with both your integrity and your career intact. How did you do that and what's your brief analysis of Watergate now that more than ten years have passed?

BUCHANAN: Well, my career wasn't intact. I think my integrity was intact, but not the career. When President Nixon resigned I was basically out of work for five months. I wrote a book during that period and I talked to a number of syndicates who were interested in my writing a column. Clifton Daniel and Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* persuaded me to come to the *New York Times* Syndicate and write a column for them. So I started being a syndicated columnist then. Although I had been an editorial writer in St. Louis, there had been about an eight-year hiatus. I was with the *New York Times* Syndicate for three years, then shifted over to the *Chicago Tribune* Syndicate where I stayed until I returned to the White House. I wasn't involved in any of the Watergate illegalities and I wasn't involved in the cover-up. There's no question that there was a breach of faith during the Watergate period. But I think it would be a terrible mistake to think that all Watergate was about was what the President knew and when he knew it. It's my feeling that Mr. Nixon was caught doing something, and his adversaries seized upon that opportunity to wreak vengeance upon him for his total political career; for his stand in Vietnam; for his role in the Eisenhower years; for his role in the Helen Douglas campaign; for his own campaigns; and for what he believed. I think the whole Watergate episode was a conflict between the liberal establishment that I think was broken on the wheel of Vietnam—and a President who had conquered that establishment. He had been defeated in 1960, and he was detested by that establishment, and this turned out to be the issue on which American politics came together and clashed, much like the Dreyfess case which was about a lot more than whether Dreyfess was guilty or innocent of espionage. The whole French society was at war with itself. I think Watergate partakes a much larger event than those simple questions. As we now know, the things that were done in the Nixon years—while wrong—had plenty of antecedents in the Johnson, Kennedy, and Roosevelt administrations. Yet, there were no such efforts to drive those presidents out of office for the peccadillos that had been committed while they were in office.

PARTISAN: Do you feel the hard left, as you call it, still has comparable influence with the Democratic Party?

BUCHANAN: I was at the San Francisco Convention. The McGovern wing of the party still is dominant. The McGovern wing of the party still picks the nominee—it has veto power over a nomination. The Sam Nunns and folks like that in the Democratic Party were virtual outsiders there. Almost as much as I was.

PARTISAN: There seems to be an attempt now by some folks in the Democratic Party to put the Sam Nunns up front in order to make the Democratic Party more conservative. What are their chances of transforming the Democratic Party?

BUCHANAN: Jimmy Carter ran as something other than a Northeastern liberal, and he got the Democratic nomination. I think that if you had a Democrat who was strong on national defense—a hard line anti-Communist who at the same time believed in the social programs and was sort of a grass roots populist—that he could run for the nomination, and if there were enough liberals also in the race—he could split it up. But I don't know where that individual is. I don't see him on the horizon. I thought John Glenn could have been the man, but he didn't turn out to be.

PARTISAN: The South has voted Republican in recent presidential elections. Is the South generally becoming more comfortable with being Republican or would the Southerners really like to be Democrats?

BUCHANAN: I think the South at a presidential level is Republican. I think at the presidential level, that the South is naturally conservative, naturally Republican in a presidential election, unless the Democratic Party offers someone who's perceived as a conservtive Democrat. They offered that in the person of Jimmy Carter, who was perceived as a moderate conservative Democrat, and they carried ten out of eleven Southern states. In 1980, when Carter was perceived as an incumbent liberal, Reagan took ten out of eleven Southern states and Carter carried only Georgia. It was that complete switch by the South that finished Carter off and made a landslide against the Democrats.

PARTISAN: How important is the South to the Republican Party and the Reagan Administration?

BUCHANAN: Crucial. Politically, the South is an indispensible asset the Repubican Party must have in a presidential election. The West is solid—has been the most solid area—and the South is next. The South is the largest in terms of electoral votes. On one of my first campaigns with Richard Nixon I went down South in 1966. It was an off-year election and we traveled around the country—just he and I and a couple of other people—and we went down to Columbia, South Carolina. I went into this smoke-filled hall there and Nixon spoke and did a terrific job. Strom Thurmond was in his prime, and he did a tremendous job. Then South Carolina's Albert Watson went up there and he just burned the place down! It was the best rally I had ever been to in my life! When we walked out the door, Nixon turned to me and said, "This is where the energy and future of the party is." And he was exactly right.

PARTISAN: A lot of Southerners feel the South is always viewed as important at election time, but after election, is often neglected. How do you feel about that?

BUCHANAN: I think there's some validity in that. The

South was really taken for granted by the Democratic Party, and the South was given the back of the hand by the Democratic left when it took over the Party. Richard Nixon, to his credit, really made an effort after he won the South to try to bring the South fully into the party. We had our so-called "Southern strategy," and we were determined to appoint some judges and justices who were Southern conservatives, and we had a tough time with it. We tried with Haynesworth and Carswell, and we eventually appointed Powell. The South has always been very patriotic; strong on the military; strong on defense; strong on anti-Communism; strong on traditional values. I think those issues are now best represented by the national Republican Party—if you take Ronald Reagan as the embodiment of the national Republican Party. But the Republican Party is going to have a battle for its own soul and its own future. It's going to be a battle between the old wing of the party and the new wing, which I think is sort of more militant and aggressive, and it's much more like that crowd we saw in that hall in Columbia 20 years ago.

PARTISAN: If the Republican Party really values the South, why do we not see more Southerners in more prominent positions within the Reagan Administration?

BUCHANAN: This administration is a hybrid. The cabinet is a hybrid—between moderate Republicans who could fit easily into the Ford Adminstration or the Nixon Administration and Reaganites who are to been seen only in the Reagan Administration. But I think the Republican Party is a party in transition toward a Reaganite future. Reagan may be 75 now, but he's still the leading revolution in the party and he's still closest in philosophy and temperament to the young turks in the House than he is to some of the senior senators in the Senate. But the Republican Party is, of course, still a divided institition.

PARTISAN: What do you feel is the primary reason Southerners should be happy with President Reagan?

BUCHANAN: Well, I think the South has had the distinction of being the upholder of traditional values and I think Reagan the President is really the embodiment of that. Let's take an issue like Right-to-Life, which has religious support especially among traditionalists, fundamentalists, evangelicals, Catholics and Orthodox Jews. Just about the strongest advocate of Right-to-Life in this government is the man sitting in the Oval Office.

PARTISAN: A lot of conservatives cheered when you came to the White House because they hoped your conservative philosophy would counteract attempts to modify President Reagan's conservtive tendencies. Do you feel your presence here in the White House is helping keep the President on a conservative track?

BUCHANAN: I think the best thing conservatives have going for them is the man in the Oval Office. It's his beliefs and his instincts and his ideas that set the course for the administration. The President will tell you that he had a lot of friends in the California days who used to say, "Governor, let's go over the cliff with the flags flying on this one." But he generally prefers to get 40% and come back later for the 60% rather than going for 100% and getting nothing. He's the individual that decides, and I don't think he needs a conservative conscience in the West Wing—he's got his own conscience and it's in fine shape.

PARTISAN: You *are* in the West Wing and you *are* close to the President and I trust you do believe you will have some influence?

BUCHANAN: Well, I argue my best on strategy, tactics, and objectives here. In some cases the President makes all the calls; in some cases I win; in some cases I lose. Of course, I hope I have an influence for the good of the cause.

PARTISAN: Do you feel the President has truly launched a revolution?

BUCHANAN: Yes. I think it's as if the President got a hold of a giant ocean liner in mid-passage. When he starts it off in a new direction it doesn't at first look like it's as far off the original course as you would like it to be. But the further you go, the more you realize you're headed off in a new direction. I think the President has done that. The key question is whether we are going to institutionalize the Reagan Revolution when the President leaves. But the President has frozen revenues at 19% and has made tax cuts. He's started to rebuild America's national defense. How many countries did we lose in the 1970s? Three countries in Southeast Asia, Iran, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Mozambique, Angola, Grenada, Nicaraugua, Afghanistan. Under Reagan we haven't lost a one. Instead we got a small one back—Grenada. That's the first time a small Communist government has been overthrown and its people restored to freedom. There is the whole agenda of social issues and the President's viewpoint is out there. Maybe we can get something done if we get some changes in the Supreme Court. There is a new patriotism in America which can be converted into a new nationalism, I think. And he's done something else: the way he has conducted himself in the Presidency has shown a real touch of class, and things that were said about conservatives can never be said again after Ronald Reagan has been in the Oval Office. Because of what he's done, the country looks to him not only as a strong leader but a real class act. He's got a touch of majesty about him. When he went abroad and delivered the eulogy for the 40th anniversary of Normandy, I think even Americans who formerly said, "Reagan's not my guy and his ideas are foolish," were saying, "It is good to have this country represented that well." When you go to an international forum he stands out. He's a tremendous individual.

PARTISAN: I heard some people say that a majority of Americans may like him as a person, but that they

really don't share his political views. Do you think that's true?

BUCHANAN: I think people who say that are wrong. I think the President articulates the native conservatism of the American people. The liberalism of the American establishment appears to be a lot stronger than it is because it is so dominant in the entertainment media, the communications media, the academic community, and the upper levels. If Ronald Reagan had not been Mr. Conservative, I'm not sure he would not have gotten the nomination in 1980. It was the conservative movement that brought him back from defeat in Iowa. I recall there were good friends of mine—syndicated columnists who shall be nameless-who used to routinely write "The conservatives are going to try to nominate that 69-year-old actor with premature orange hair." And now the same columnists are saying, "Maybe the Democrats can come back and take over the country after this legendary figure leaves."

PARTISAN: Do you consider yourself a Southerner?

BUCHANAN: Yes. I moved over when I moved out of D.C. I moved over to Virginia deliberately. Yes, I consider myself a Southerner by choice.

PARTISAN: How has being a Southerner by choice affected your world view and your political attitude?

BUCHANAN: My father was a tremendous partisan of the South. His grandfather was captured at Jonesboro at the Battle of Atlanta and spent the rest of the war in a federal prison. His great-grandfather died on the way to Vicksburg. He was very much a Southern Partisan... When you read all the books about the South and the Lost Cause, I think it goes through your system and somehow you become a partisan.

PARTISAN: Are you familiar with the controversy surrounding M. E. Bradford? What's your view of what happened to him and why was he rejected for posts with the N.E.H. and the National Archives?

BUCHANAN: Everything I know of M. E. Bradford is that he is a great scholar. He writes well and he writes thoughtfully. He studied long and hard and he holds views with regard to Abraham Lincoln which are not the conventional wisdom, not orthodox. My personal view is that in this city—which pretends to be open and tolerent of dissent and welcoming all sorts of views—there is an orthodoxy in Washington, D.C. which is brutal and relentless. If someone violates that orthodoxy, like Jim Watt, it can cost him his place in government and it can drive him out of town. I think that's the truth. For example, Jerry Falwell should not have said Bishop Tutu was a phoney; nevertheless, he was forced by the orthodoxy to make a public apology. Yet there are individuals in politics who routinely call Ronald Reagan, the President of the United States, a racist and they are never called upon to apologize for it and are never held to account. I think there is an orthodoxy in this city that is relentless and grinds down people who don't hold the orthodox view. They don't tolerate our kind of dissent very well in this town.

PARTISAN: Is that going to change?

BUCHANAN: Sure it's going to change. Because liberalism is on its way out. It's lost. I've been criticized for accusing the liberals of being sympathetic to Communism. That is not the problem and not the accusation. I think that basically the liberal establishment has lost its grip on reality. It has lost an essential faculty necessary to the survival of any species—the ability to clearly identify its real enemy. As I described it up there in New Hampshire, it's less a monolithic force than a pathetic one. It's a rabbit in the headlights of history.

PARTISAN: Have you given any thought for running for political office?

BUCHANAN: Yes. I live in Virginia and I had given some thought to running for the Senate from Virginia. But I know what is required to run—what you have to go through—and what you have to do when you get elected. Too much of your time is lost and consumed in matters which are insignificant and trivial, and some of which are not the main issues of our day. So, I've all but abandoned that idea.

PARTISAN: What future, politically, do you see for the South?

BUCHANAN: I think the South's future is excellent. Even the Democratic Party is coming to realize that it has lost the South's hold and maybe even its opportunity for the presidency. After the 1990 census, the South will have even more electoral votes than it has now and the North/Northeast will have even fewer. I think the Democratic Party is going to come to realize that it simply can never again occupy the executive branch of government unless it addresses the issues of concern to American Southerners. If it does not do that, it's going to reduce itself to an irrelevancy, and it's been making a good effort at that for the last 12 years....

PARTISAN: So you're saying the South *has* risen again and the future you see is Republican?

BUCHANAN: I see the Republicans, unless they do something wrong—unless *they* kick it away, or unless the Democrats do something imaginative and brilliant. I think the Republican Party should be the dominant party at the executive level, and after the 1990 census it's going to be even stronger in the House.

PARTISAN: So you feel positive about the future?

BUCHANAN: Yeah, I think conservatism is the future of the country. The reason I do is not because we've got a superior talent, but because over the years from 1964 to 1980 the ideas of the American left were tried and found wanting. I think we are right about the nature of man. We're right about the nature of society. And we're right about the character and nature of America's enemies. ☆

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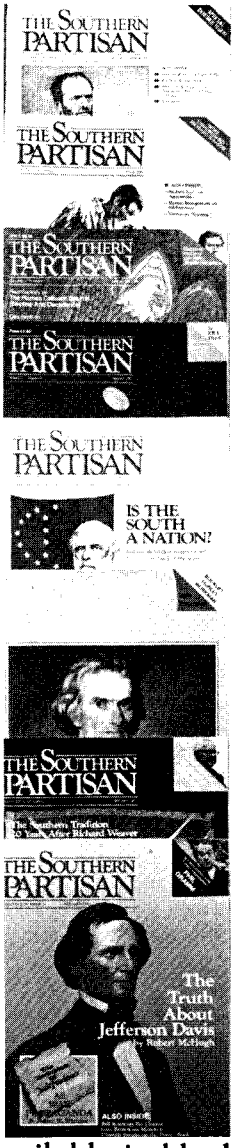

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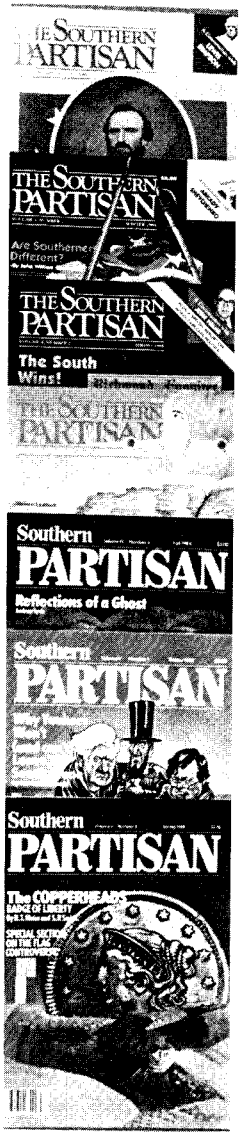

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LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE

by M. E. Bradford

Light Horse Harry Lee was "the foremost soldier of his years in the entire Revolutionary army," a man "who never counted the costs" of any risk to himself.

Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee ***(January 29, 1756-March 25, 1818), soldier, statesman, historian and land speculator. The definitive military Federalist. A central figure in the Virginia ratification debates. With Edmund Pendleton and George Wythe, able to bring a reputation for disinterested patriotism to resist the overwhelming persona of Patrick Henry. As Lieutenant Colonel in command of his own independent force, Lee's Legion, and as a dashing leader of cavalry, rightfully identified by his most complete biographer, Thomas Templin, as "the foremost soldier of his years in the entire Revolutionary army," a man "who never counted the costs" of any risk to himself. Yet more than a*** **beau sabreur,** ***the man on horseback, "wedded to his sword." A fine tactician, a master of maneuver, deployment, surprise and bluff. A raider*** **par excellence.** ***Upon his retirement from the American army at the age of 26, a bona fide hero. In the June, 1788, deliberations in Richmond, one of the first citizens of his state, a member of the Continental Congress, an accomplished orator, the proprietor of Stratford, one of its great houses, and 32 years old. The warrior as politician who brought the aura of what he had achieved under arms in defending American liberty to answer Antifederalist charges that the proponents of the Constitution were indifferent to such considerations. Having finished service in the last Continental Congress, elected governor of Virginia, in which office he continued for three terms (1791-1794). A young man of unlimited promise, yet eventually a tragic figure, both in his public and his private life.***

Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee was the son of Henry Lee II of Prince William County and of Lucy Grymes Lee. Born January 29, 1756 at Dumfries in the Northern Neck, this third Henry Lee was the great-great-grandson of the American founder of the dynasty, Richard Lee "The Immigrant," and the cousin of those gifted brothers, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Arthur and William Lee and Philip Ludwell Lee. By blood and marriage he was connected to many of the great families of his state. After tutoring at home and matriculation in the College of New Jersey in 1770, young Lee was forced into maturity in a great rush with the advent of the American Revolution.

When Patrick Henry signed his original commission, Light Horse Harry Lee was twenty-one years old. Though prepared at the time of his graduation and departure from Princeton to follow the family pattern and study law with a few years at the Inns of Court, he was not much disappointed when war intervened. For though he had been a good scholar under Dr. Witherspoon and his other professors, the focus of his reading had concentrated on those ancient public virtues honored by the poets but proved up with more than words—the Roman virtues. All who knew him agreed from his earliest months in uniform that he had been *born to be a soldier*, whatever his military laurels (or, in his phrase, "reputation") made possible for him in the time of peace. In council even his eloquence belonged to the universe of discourse where the final test of patriotism comes with the risk of life in combat. By that measure Lee's loyalty to the Republic-in-the-making was greater than that of all but a few.

Light Horse Harry Lee's first achievements came in scouting, raiding, gathering intelligence and supplies, screening and observing the movements of British units like his own. From the mistreatment of Washington's army by the Congress and the people it attempted to defend, young Lee learned political lessons. From strictly military victories and defeats he learned the importance of discipline, organization, forethought and mobility. And through feats of daring (bluffing his way out of a trap at Spread Eagle Tavern, riding his way out of another at Schuylkill Mills), he began to acquire a name. General Washington offered him a place on his staff, but Lee declined the honor, declaring, "I am wedded to my sword"—and thus grew in the regard of his commander-in-chief, who in 1778 recommended him for promotion and for the command of an independent mounted corps. This unit was originally a force of about one hundred light dragoons which grew and became Lee's Legion when two companies of infantry were added to it late in 1780, bringing its total strength to almost three hundred men.

The achievements of Lee's Legion belong to General Nathanael Greene's campaign against Charles, Lord Cornwallis, in the South. But before Lee left Washington's army for the adventures he later recorded in his history of that segment of the Revolution, he won a memorable victory all his own—in the July 1779, raid on Paulus Hook, New Jersey, where, after careful planning and rapid marches, he captured a British post behind their lines, depriving the enemy of more than two hundred men at the cost of fewer than twenty. This triumph had a powerful influence on the morale of Washington's forces, was honored by a cash award from Congress to the soldiers involved (and a gold medal for Lee)—and was finally a cause of great jealousy and envy directed toward the proud young Virginian who had orchestrated every feature of its unfolding.

Under Greene, Lee saw the kind of continuous service which had not come his way in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania—sieges and pitched battles as well as screenings, foragings and raids. His value to Greene was

inestimable, as the judicious Rhode Islander acknowledged readily, calling him "one of the first Officers in the world." For as part of Greene's army Light Horse Harry Lee helped to turn around the American struggle for independence as fought out in the South. Moreover, for the remainder of his life he *knew* what he had accomplished, what honor belonged to him by right, and what other conclusions "these iliads" might have had without his inspiring presence. First Charleston fell and then came the humiliation of Horatio Gates. General Greene, with the assumption of full authority over American troops south of Richmond, took responsibility for their part of the war when their fortunes were at their lowest. This portly, cautious and capable general, with the aid of Morgan, Lee (his "right eye"), and partisan commanders such as Marion, Sumter and Pickens, first stalled a successful British army below the border of North Carolina; then destroyed large portions of it at King's Mountain, Cowpens and Guilford Court House; and finally (at Lee's suggestion) marched around it to restore self-government in South Carolina and Georgia.

Lee's Legion played a central role in this great effort. Acting often on his own, Harry Lee screened long marches, captured outposts, and confused British commanders until Greene's army was ready to fight. Then, with his valorous three hundred he faced the fury of frustrated British regulars in stand-up fights. At Guilford Court House Lee's Legion anchored Greene's flank and held their ground until the close of the day. At Eutaw Springs they may have saved a careless American army from its alcoholic inclination to convert a victory into a terrible defeat. But despite these triumphs (or because of them) young Lee faced still the problems of resentment and jealousy which had so outraged him while he served under Washington. Lesser men would not acknowledge either his merit or his victories. Which was only an exaggeration of their attitudes toward the Continental soldiers as a group. Instead they glorified the achievements of the militia—which Lee knew to be limited. As he now realized, the problems of the new Republic would be political and internal. In 1782, Light Horse Harry Lee resigned from the army, returned to Virginia, married his second cousin Matilda Lee, the "Queen of Stratford," and prepared to display in council the public virtue he had exemplified in the field. But for the remainder of his life the purposes which he embodied in wartime, to "vindicate and maintain the dignity and rights of our society," would be the measure of what he sought to achieve in the political arena, and in the world of business.

There was nothing very complicated about the politics of Light Horse Harry Lee. They were the product of prescription and education, as modified by the frustration of waging war without the support of a responsible civil authority—an authority able to fund the campaigns toward which it sent officers who held its commissions. In 1785 Lee was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, and in the same year was dispatched by his legislative associates to be one of the representatives of his state in the Continental Congress. There, with one month's interruption, he continued until the end of the Confederation and the beginnings of government under the new Constitution. Lee came to his place in the Congress with very decided opinions concerning the need for structural reforms to make the union of the states effective: strong enough to defend itself. As a soldier he had learned how much the nation needed a government with the power to raise a revenue, conduct a foreign policy, recruit and support a capable staff and conduct all other unmistakably national business. To that effect he wrote his cousin, Governor Thomas Sim Lee of Maryland:

> ...Unless a sovereign power equal to the drawing into action the ability of the confederated states is soon established, I plainly foresee that the best position alloted for America is a choice of nations in a dependent connexion. [We need] wisdom and vigor in a supreme power, created by the whole.

And to his father, in April of 1786, he advanced the opinion that "we have very gloomy prospects with respect to national faith, dignity and importance."

During his years as a soldier, Light Horse Harry Lee had come to believe that the country could be safe only so long as the people possessed enough virtue to subjugate voluntarily their private interests to some conception of the public good. He had hoped that Americans would be inspired to emulate the patriotism of the early Romans by what they had accomplished in the Revolution. With Shays' Rebellion, these hopes began to fade. To friends Lee predicted that the Confederation would have "a mob government for a time, which will terminate in despotism among ourselves or from abroad." Too much talk about the "exuberantly false and aborescently fallacious preamble" to the Declaration of Independence would transform democracy into mere levelling, with which "the reign of violence and anarchy would return." Demagogues might with political profit ring the changes upon the theme of equality. But (according to a paraphrase preserved by his eldest son, Henry Lee IV) he was convinced that institutions founded on such generalities and abstractions ..."[were] like a splendid edifice built on kegs of gunpowder." Democracy when flavored by envy would strangle the Republic. Which is what his youngest son, Robert E. Lee, meant when he observed in disgust at the election of Abraham Lincoln that the country was "doomed to run the full length of democracy. To what a fearful pass it has brought us."

As a correction to the evident lack of public spirit in the population of his newly independent country, Henry Lee hoped for an energetic government resting upon the authority of a fundamental law and administered by a

"I had rather myself submit to all the hazard of war and the loss of everything that is dear to me in life than to live under a fixed insolent northern majority."

cadre of disinterested patriots who had proven up their character in war. Lee welcomed the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia as a step in the right direction. For it might produce a means of restraining the nation's drift toward disorder and disunion—the greatest threats to the public liberty. From the time when he first examined it, Lee supported the revision of fundamental law proposed by the Great Convention.

Light Horse Harry Lee was eager to serve in the Virginia ratification convention and campaigned vigorously for his place representing Westmoreland County. In the Richmond debates he made an important contribution to the Federalist cause. War had made Lee a nationalist. In the Virginia ratifying convention he announced, "I love the people of the north, not because they have adopted the Constitution but because I fought with them as countrymen." But if war had made him a nationalist, experience of life within "a more perfect union" soon turned him back into being a mere Virginian. That there could be conflict between these loyalties he soon came to believe in response to Secretary Hamilton's talk of "implied powers" and the great financial system of the Federalists. It was as an Antifederalist that Lee was elected Governor of Virginia in November of 1791; that he opposed creation of the Bank of the United States, the assumption of state debts by the central government, and the ruling by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Chisholm v. Georgia. He distrusted the Federalist Congress: "No policy will be adopted by Congress which does not more or less tend to depress the south and exalt the north." And to this grim prediction he added later, "I had rather myself submit to all the hazard of war and the loss of everything that is dear to me in life than to live under a fixed insolent northern majority." In 1789-1791 Lee served in the Virginia assembly, where he supported the Bill of Rights and joined Patrick Henry to remonstrate against Federalist legislation, reminding some centralizers how they had promised "that every power not granted" to the Federal authority was "retained" by the states and their citizens.

Finally the logic of his position pushed him to consider secession from the Union, a need to "cut the Gordian Knot at once." To James Madison he wrote (April 3, 1790), "To disunite is dreadful to my mind, but dreadful as it is, I consider it a lesser evil than union on the present conditions." And to David Stuart he grumbled of the "impracticability of union with States where interests are so dissimilar to those of Virginia." Only perils worse than Federalist abuses of the South could have driven this Harry Lee back into the party of government. And by 1794 those dangers were apparent.

Harry Lee's return to the Federalist fold came as a result of the transformation of Antifederalism into the Democratic-Republican Party. Patrick Henry embodied the Antifederalism which Lee first understood and then supported; and for him Lee had always a large measure of respect—even when they labored on opposite sides of a question. But the Democratic-Republicans followed Thomas Jefferson, flattered the "lower orders" and identified themselves with the philosophical radicalism of France's new egalitarian revolution. Like Patrick Henry, Lee had hoped for the best from the moderate republicans or Girondians in France—men like his friend, the Marquis de Lafayette. Indeed, in the sorrow of his bereavement following the 1790 death of Matilda Lee, he had even thought of offering a mildly republican France his sword. But with the Reign of Terror, the appearance of the sansculottes and the coming to power of the Jacobins, he drew back. And when the French (and their American admirers) began to speak of "finishing" the American Revolution—of reasons to export European "isms" to these shores—Lee came to regard them as enemies. For one thing, they had fostered a servile insurrection in Santo Domingo, a development which had resulted in restlessness among Virginia's three hundred thousand slaves. One hundred-fifty blacks marched with whites in salute to a French frigate in Norfolk. In response, Lee mobilized the militia and observed of the situation "the precedent is replete with danger." He warned Edmond Genêt to respect the neutrality of Washington's government. And after watching the conduct of the Democratic Societies in the period preceding the Whiskey Rebellion in western Pennsylvania, he finally concluded that there was a plot to prepare "the American people for the reaction of the French and Santo Domingo tragedies." When President Washington asked Governor Lee to command a force sent toward Pittsburgh to restore order among the opponents of the excise living in that region, Major General Lee accepted the assignment with enthusiasm.

Harry Lee naturally connected the Whiskey Rebellion with the 1786 misconduct of Captain Daniel Shays of Massachusetts. Once again, he feared "the reign of violence and anarchy," followed by "despotism in some shape or other." On return from this show of force, he was persuaded that "the late wicked insurrection...may be fairly traced to the principles and sentiments delivered by members of Congress on and off the floor." This "frenzy" was Jeffersonian, squinting toward separation, civil war, French alliances and the recruitment of an army of runaway slaves. With back country outrage at the excise on spirits Lee was patient. He disliked it himself—in particular, because of its disruptive social consequence. Therefore he dealt gently with those who deplored the measure but did not challenge the authority

But problems of greater consequence than declining political popularity occupied his mind in these chaotic years. For bad investments had begun to accomplish his ruin soon after he married his second wife.

of government. But when mixed with the "unextinguished fire" of ideology, "a flame which threatens to consume all reason, temper and reflection," such aggravated popular causes might, he was convinced, drive the country toward "...the French condition." To prevent that development Lee was prepared to soldier against his countrymen, whatever the personal or political results of his choice.

Light Horse Harry Lee's tenure as governor of Virginia concluded while he was marching through Pennsylvania. From this termination forward, all that remained of his public life was one term in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States (1799-1801), some small service in the Virginia House of Delegates (1795-1798), and a brief return to uniform during the "quasi-war" with France (1798-1800). These were Federalist years for Lee, a time for supporting the Adams wing of the party. For his side in Virginia's debate on the Alien and Sedition Acts, Lee wrote a pamphlet, *The Address of the Minority in the Virginia Legislature to the People of That State, Containing a Vindication of the Constitutionality of the Alien and Sedition Laws*. He followed this composition with another, *Plain Truth: Addressed to the People of Virginia*, in which he disavowed his own earlier sentiments concerning secession. While attacking the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, he generalized that there is "perhaps, no good more essential than Union: no ill, which must be attended by a longer train of calamities than dismemberment."

Congressman Lee preferred Burr to Jefferson, as he had Adams to Hamilton. He was glad of peace with France and pleased to see his brother Charles Attorney General of the United States. Yet he still opposed the notion of "implied powers" and the vague additions to the authority of the general government hidden behind such a notion. Moreover, he was outraged when Abolitionists presented an antislavery petition to a Congress which, in Lee's opinion, "had no right to intermeddle." When George Washington died, Lee drafted his eulogy for the House of Representatives and then pronounced it, for the entire Congress, on December 26, 1799, in the German Lutheran Church of Philadelphia. In the process Lee came to share a little of the fame of his subject by describing him as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

After his single term in Congress it was clear that Harry Lee had lost the confidence of many of his fellow Virginians—as he had ceased to trust in them. The Democratic-Republicans did not approve of his command of the Pennsylvania expedition, of his partisan use of the military power. Harry Lee, they said, showed no "love of equality" and seemed to favor a standing army. He had accused the Jeffersonians of having a system suited "to undermining the government"—of disrespect of his friend, patron and hero, President Washington. But problems of greater consequence than declining political popularity occupied his mind in these chaotic years. For bad investments had begun to accomplish his ruin soon after he married his second wife, Ann Hill Carter of Shirley. He had ventures in ore fields, coal mines and currency fluctuation. He had shares in the Potomac Company and in the confiscated Fairfax properties. He bought the land through which the proposed Potomac Canal was to be built. And he loaned money to other investors. All of this activity is summed up by his shares in the Great Dismal Swamp Company—a financial sinkhole as bad as its name.

On April 24, 1809, to save and control a little of his property (and after a long siege by his creditors), he was by his own choice confined for debt in the Westmoreland County Jail. He had thought it his duty as a Framer and Father of the Republic to run a financial risk in order to build up the country—a risk like those he had taken in combat. But in a pattern both inexorable and depressing, the patriot as heroic speculator degenerated into what the Jeffersonians called "the Swindling Harry Lee." There is no honor in a failure to pay debts.

After a time in the Westmoreland Jail, Harry Lee was moved by the suit of different creditors to confinement in Spotsylvania County, where he continued until March 20, 1810. Lee was not, however, idle while locked away. In debtors prison his mind returned to the past—to the causes of his original success and eventual ruin. First he produced the philippic, *A Cursory Sketch of the Motives and Proceedings of the Party Which Sways the Affairs of the Union* (1809), a fierce *ad hominem* attack on the conduct of Thomas Jefferson. Lee was impatient with the influence of "visionary theory" on Jefferson's "wildest projects." He assailed the outgoing President's character, and was more than incidentally concerned with his effect on the prosperity of the country. Indeed, he blamed much of his own financial difficulty on Jefferson's politics. But the worst Major General Lee could say about Jefferson went beyond demagogy and economics. For he also touched the honor of the Sage of Monticello—injured him as few men could by raising the question of his physical courage. In Lee's view, Jefferson had no feeling for war. As governor of Virginia he had not prepared to defend the State. And he had fled to the mountains when sought by British raiders under Arnold. Nations, Lee implied, are not made or preserved by such men of words. True virtue belongs to men capable of action, who hunger for the honor which comes only to the brave. On that theme, valor *qua* public virtue, Harry

Lee composed his most important work, *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States* (1812).

Lee's memoir is not, in the narrow, modern sense, pure history. For his intention is exemplary, and his theme moral. The proper analogues are classical—to Livy, Xenophon, Polybius, the *Pharsalia* of Lucan and (perhaps) Thucydides. His focus is on the foreshadowing of the future problems of the Republic visible in the struggles of the Revolution; and also on the qualities in the best of our people which made it possible for us to achieve independence—the same qualities which should define our national future. It is the book of a man disappointed with the consequences of what he had taken to be *his* Revolution; but also the book of one still loyal to the original promise of the War for Independence.

Following his release from jail and the publication of his memoir, the career of Light Horse Harry Lee moved swiftly toward its symbolically appropriate denouement on July 28, 1812. In the evening of that day Lee and a group of his fellow Federalists, having been disarmed by the militia after defending against a mob a Baltimore house where a newspaper of their party had its office, were savagely beaten by the same radicals they had fought off earlier that day. Lee was disfigured and left for dead in the melee. Baltimore authorities were complicit in this violence. And they were not Federalist authorities. Lee never fully recovered from the harm done to him by this political riot. He had gone up to Baltimore because there were rumors predicting attacks on a Federalist newspaper by the "friends of freedom" and Napoleon's France: a mob made up of "foreigners, recent immigrants and atheists." He wished to defend editor Alexander C. Hanson as he had defended order under law while wearing "buff and blue." But in this new wave of revolution, preserving a continuity with the colonial dream of freedom under mild restraint was not the fashion. The rhetoric had shifted. Individualism would be given rein.

In 1812 Lee opposed the war with England; and he had by then come to regret that the Revolution had not ended with an armistice in 1777, our independence, and the "renewal of amity" with our brethren. The United States and Great Britain were "the only two nations of the many in the world who understand the meaning of liberty." The British, in confronting Bonaparte, had been defending Christian civilization: "for the safety of Europe, of the independence of most of its nations, in short for the maintenance of all those rights dear to civilized man." To war with England was to take a side with the enemy of all Christendom, France, and to guarantee that "the bloody and wicked scenes of Europe will be re-enacted on this side of the Atlantic." In the end Lee was caught up in the fulfillment of his own dark prophecy.

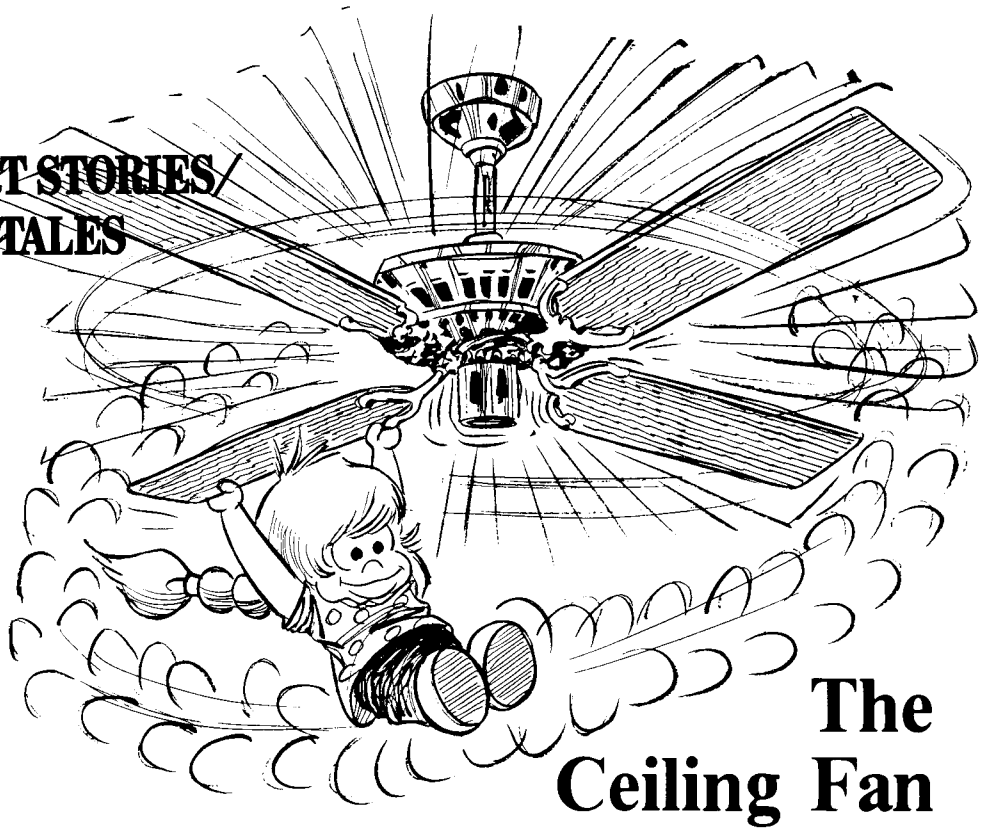
After a partial recuperation from his injuries, in early May of 1813 Lee left his home in Alexandria, Virginia (literally, his wife's home) for the West Indies and a final five-year search for health. Yet, as Professor Royster has suggested, it is certain that these last wanderings were "more than ease to...physical pain." For they took Lee away from political enemies he could no longer defeat, a war he deplored, and a country in which "he could never again prosper." Furthermore, in the Indies there were no actions for recovery for debt on his horizon. Light Horse Harry Lee wandered from island to island, writing admonitory letters to his sons, directing their education, urging them to put their trust in the promises of the Christian faith and, though Episcopalian, to honor the convictions of other good people. To his wife he wrote usually of returning home, once mended and stronger. As the end came closer, he attempted to close the circle and started back toward Virginia and the shelter of his family. He got as far as Cumberland Island, Georgia, and the plantation home of his already deceased comrade Nathanael Greene, whose daughter cared for him until his death on March 25, 1818.

Light Horse Harry Lee in his eulogy for Washington quoted from Horace's *Odes*, Book III, the description of a man of justice and firmness who is unshaken when confronted by either the tyrant or the mob:

Justum et tenacem proposti virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

The passage applies to the brave horseman who employed it as much as it did to his beloved commander. Lee was a proud man, sensitive and restless. He was driven by a passion for honor achieved through acts of patriotism, promising in the Virginia ratification convention, "I shall brave all storms." Truly, "he counted not the cost." Yet in politics he avoided giving his support to special interests in conflict with the common good. In his personification of the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, his aristocratic republicanism, he belongs to the almost Roman generation of heroes who accomplished the Revolution and established government in its aftermath. It is no surprise for us to learn that he cherished among his most prized possessions the signet ring of a Roman consul. His monuments are his memoir—and his youngest son. ☆

M.E. Bradford, distinguished political philosopher and professor at the University of Dallas, is no stranger to our readers.



The Ceiling Fan

by Marion D. Aldridge

Historians of the living room ceiling fan can tell you that its inventor had only one purpose in mind: the public and private humiliation of American homeowners.

Admittedly, there was a long and distinguished era in the history of ceiling fans, a time when people could sit at drug store soda fountains with the assurance that, on a hot, sultry, summer Southern day, they would be cooled by the tender breeze from the rotating blades far overhead. Ceiling fans and cherry cokes. Those were good days in the South.

In general stores throughout Dixie, rustics in dungarees would sit around and whittle beneath the monotonous hum of the ubiquitous ceiling fan. The slowly rotating blades of the fan provided a cool breeze and, at the same time, kept flies and mosquitoes confused. All in all, they provided welcome and honorable service. Ceiling fans and checkers. The good old days.

But those are not the kind of ceiling fans I have in mind. Those were necessary ceiling fans. I'm talking about the modern decorator version that hangs in every kitchen and/or suburban den in America, a standard middle class fixture.

By temperament, I like to resist fads. For a long time I was confident that the ceiling fan would go the way of the hoola-hoop. After all, I had managed to avoid alligators on my T-shirts. But ceiling fans would not go away. I waited. I stalled. I procrastinated. Finally, we were the only house in the entire subdivision without a ceiling fan. A petition was circulating among the neighbors. My wife quit going out. Our friends quit asking us out. So finally...

I relented. I set out to buy a good cheap ceiling fan for the den of the Aldridge household. I budgeted myself $100, but since I had seen an advertisement for a 42" fan for $39.99, I went to that store first.

The first disadvantage of not being mechanically inclined is that you don't know which questions to ask or which answers to accept. By the time I had bought the 6-speed, reversible, thermostat-controlled, 52" fan, with a 3-phase, 5-bulb light kit, I had spent $539.99. Thank God for MasterCharge.

I invited my old college buddy Fuzzy over to watch and to offer moral support. He is the only person I know who is less handy than me. It is good to have such friends.

"What do you do first?" he asked.

"We unpack the box," I suggested, stalling for more time.

"Then what?"

After considering the question for a few moments, I answered, "Then we turn off the electricity." It was a stroke of genius. We found the fuse box in the hall closet, and flicked switches until the den's ceiling light went off. The next problem was how to read the directions in the dark. We found a flashlight.

"Now what?" Fuzzy was relentless in his pursuit of truth.

"It says we put the blades on the fan." So we did. So far, so good. Except that we put the pencil stitching facing up on two blades and facing down on two blades. I contended that the mistake gave the fan its own unique personality. Fuzzy said that he was confident that the fan would have enough personality without this rather obvious error. My wife said to turn the danged blades over and get it right quick, Buster.

So we did. Next we faced the complex challenge of connecting dozens of multi-colored wires to one another.

I decided that it was time to call Hoot, my mechanical mentor, for advice. Hoot is from the swamps of South Carolina. These backroads folks are a specie unto themselves. The men are born with chewing tobacco in their mouths. The women are born knowing how to cook cornbread. This is not learned behavior. It is genetic. Scientific studies have shown this to be so. It is a proven fact. What was unusual about Hoot's birth was that he was born with two wads, one in each cheek. They remain there to this day. They are as enduring as the eternal flame. More enduring than his teeth.

Nonetheless, Hoot understands things mechanical, and I don't, so I figured it was time for a telephone lesson on how to install ceiling fans. I learned, for instance, that I did not need to turn off the ceiling light at the fuse box. The wall switch would have sufficed. Another example: I learned that I spent about $400 more than I needed to on a fan. I also learned that Hoot's laughter has a grating quality, most unpleasant to the ear. I learned that teachers should be sensitive to their students, and I promised myself that when people started coming to me for advice, as surely they would, I would be more helpful than Hoot. I hung up.

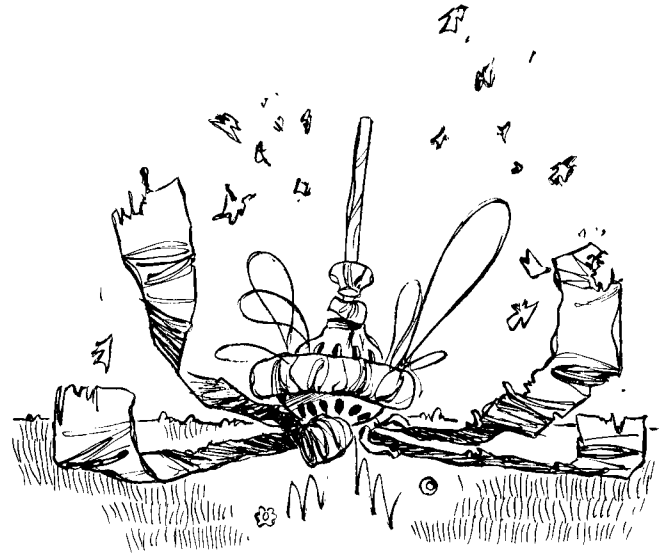
When all else fails, they say, read the directions. With the lights back on, that seemed a more reasonable option this time around. Unfortunately, I discovered the directions were written in Japanese. This was a mystery. After much soul and house searching, we discovered the English directions by the telephone where I had put them while talking with Hoot.

One of the basic principles of electrical wiring seemed to be black to black and white to white. To my regret, the concept did not hold up completely, for when we touched the turquoise wire in the light kit to the turquoise wire in the fan, there was a discreet but definite spark and hiss. I am not into sparking and hissing, no matter how discreet, so I removed myself to a short distance from the offending apparatus. Once again I consulted with my wife about the advisability of continuing in this life-threatening project.She convinced me that I had more to fear by not getting back to the task immediately.

One of the admonitions about which the directions warned vigorously had to do with the ability of the electrical fixture to support the fifty-plus pounds of fan and light. Fuzzy and I each tested the octagonal outlet to determine if it would support the weight. We pulled and pushed, and even had my thirty-eight pound daughter hang by her fingernails to see if it would hold her. It did. I was grateful.

We hoisted the ceiling fan, fully assembled now, to the waiting receptacle. We secured it, connected the last wires, and stood back to admire our handiwork. It was a masterpiece of skill and ingenuity. We flipped on the switch. Forward was reverse, and reverse was forward, but other than that, the fan and the lights worked splendidly. My wife walked cautiously around the circumference of the whirling fan. She instructed my daughter to so the same. Little could such an insult touch me now, however. The deed was done. The fan was assembled and installed. We were once again a respectable surburban family.

That night we were visited by a stroke of extremely good fortune. When the ceiling fan fell, it was 3:00 A.M. and we were all tucked safely in our beds. ☆



Marion Aldridge shepherds the flock at Greenlawn Baptist Church in Columbia, South Carolina. This is his first appearance on our pages.

The Ladies... *God Bless 'Em*

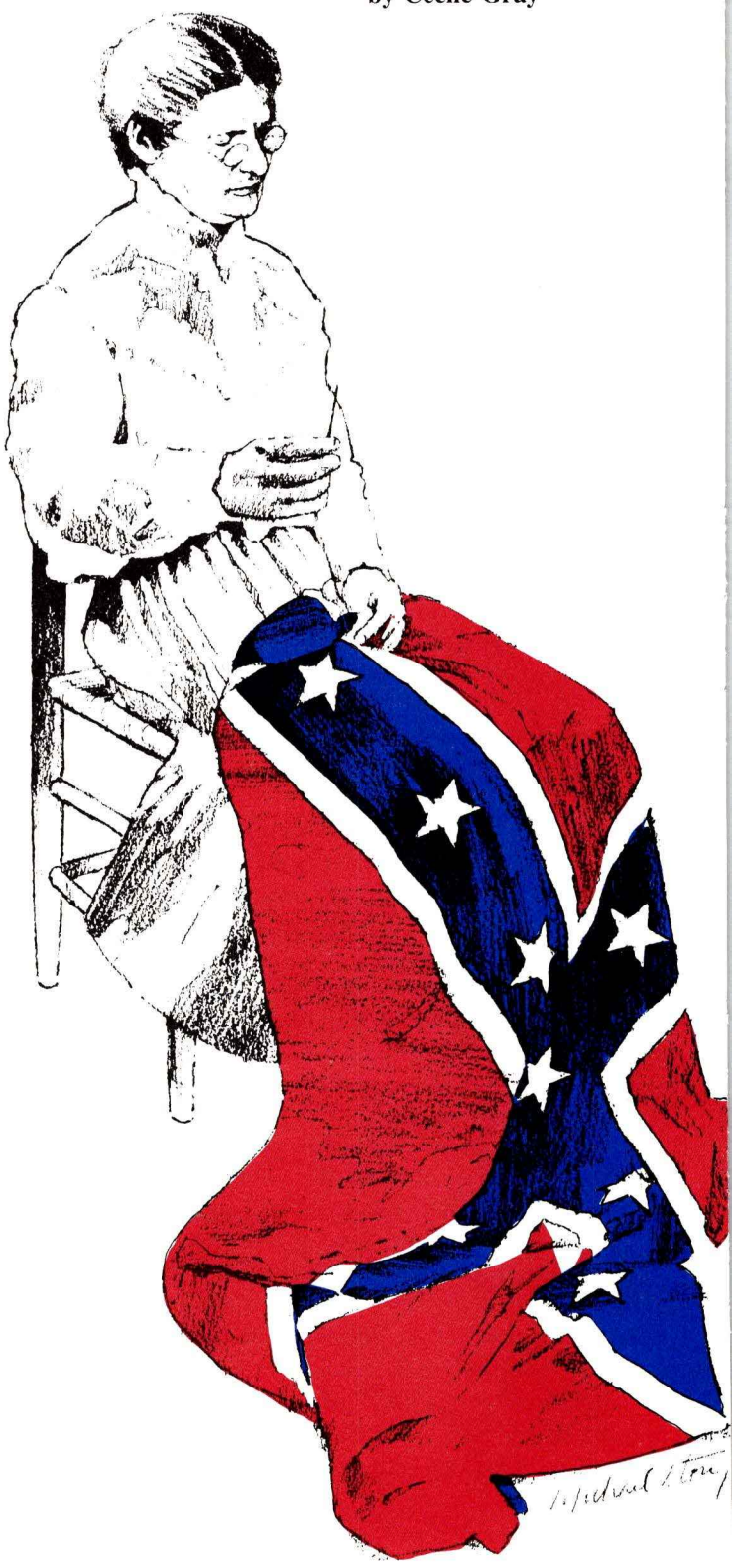
by Cecile Gray

My father, Benjamin Smith Gay, was a story-teller and a Southern-style romantic who lived his whole life in Montgomery, Alabama, and most of it in the rambling Victorian house that his father had built for his mother. He would not appreciate my describing that house as "rambling" and Victorian; I'm sure he'd prefer to hear it described, or to describe it himself, as a "splendid manor." Its furnishings, too, were mostly nineteenth-century, dark and oversized: he called them "magnificent." He told stories about a number of them: the blanket-chest made by his grandfather's slaves, a mammoth, elaborately and even outrageously ornate mirror that had, according to his story, been a gift to an ancestor from a Scottish nobleman.

Especially, though, he liked to talk about the ladies in his family. He was himself the dutiful son who stayed behind with his widowed mother when his siblings married and departed to raise their own children. Grandmother Gay was, at least as he remembered her, a grande dame *who delighted in bridge parties, beautiful clothes and social functions of all kinds. I never knew her; my father married only after her death, when he was in his forties. Some of his favorite stories were about her mother's experiences when she was a young bride in the mid 1860s. His grandmother, even more than his mother, was his ideal Southern lady, and his stories about her inevitably began with an encomium to her kind.*

The ladies of the South were always of a grace and loveliness which endures to this day. Whenever I look at the magnificent statue at the North entrance to our Capitol—placed by the Ladies' Memorial Association commemorating the bravery and wonderful things done by our Artillery, Cavalry, foot soldiers and our small Navy—I can't help hoping that some day another monument will be built to commemorate the bravest and greatest of them all—the Women of the South. These delicately nurtured and exquisite ones—reared in the lap of luxury, taught to "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam"—were suddenly left to take over the management of plantations and to direct their activities and workers. My principal source of information about those days came from my mother's mother, truly a great lady. She had seven brothers at the beginning of the War—when it was over, there were two. War takes its toll. Her father owned over 23,000 acres of land and over a thousand male slaves. The only task she had ever performed was dressing herself (and she was aided in that by a housegirl or maid) and, of course, the ordering of meals each day. The cook she had for many years would not permit her to do anything. The dear old cook later helped her with the two baby boys—little Robert E. Lee and Bartow Bee, who was named for the first two Confederate Generals to be killed in action, both at Mannassas.

But this daughter of the South, not trained to do anything, took charge when Grandfather went to the war,



and operated his plantation quite successfully and modestly profitably. There were occasional gatherings of neighbors, but the old wonderful happiness of peace and prosperity was gone. Grandmother had two experiences that she told me about, and although I was quite young—I was only eleven when she died—I wrote those things in my memory, and here they are.

It was the custom of people to visit ill neighbors, especially if those neighbors were poor people. Such visitings were part of the Noblesse oblige of the aristocrats. Grandmother went to see a sick woman and carried her two-year-old son Bartow Bee with her. On returning home she drove right into a troop of Union Cavalry. The young lieutenant in command rode up to the buggy. Before he could say anything, Uncle Bartow help up his arms to the officer, who reached over and took him up in his arms.

Uncle Bartow was evidently hot, and kept saying, "Jink, jink," so the officer gave him a drink from his canteen.

Grandmother said her heart went up into her throat when he took her baby, but was quickly comforted when she saw she had nothing to dread. He told Grandmother that he "had one just about this size at home" (in Ohio) and "just as bad." Then he cautioned her to go home some other way as there was a large body of cavalry up the road with orders to sequester all horses.

She always gave these two events in sequence, as she felt it was only fair to show that there were decent men in the Union Army—could be—could be!

This was her second story:

One bright July morning in 1864 my great grandmother was busy as she could be. Little two-year-old Bartow had just had his bath and was playing around on the floor, and young Robert E. Lee, now over one year old, getting his bath, was happily splashing water in his bath bowl.

Everyone was worried, for a large army of Union soldiers under the command of Major General Rousseau was in the neighborhood driving off horses and mules, destroying things which might be useful to the Confederate Army.

As she dressed baby Lee, there was the sound of tramping on the porch and angry voices were calling for admittance. A maid opened the front door, saw the truculent faces of the soldiers in dusty blue with long rifles to which bayonets were attached. Mary, the maid, screamed, "Gawd, Miss Lizzie, the yankees are heah and gwine suck our blood! Lawd he'p us! Lawd he'p us!"

Great Grandmother walked out into the hall, with baby Lee in her arms and little Bartow, still a baby himself, clinging to her skirts.

"Good morning, gentlemen. I am Mrs. Benjamin Smith. What do you want?" She addressed them with the dignity all true Southern ladies have always shown.

"We know what we want!" rasped the lieutenant in command. "We know you have a lot of gold money and we aim to get it!"

"Yes?" Grandmother said.

"Yes, we do—it's in your sideboard—don't ask how we know—so you'll just show us to that and we'll help ourselves. Won't we, boys?" The eyes of each of those wicked men gleamed eagerly and nastily.

Grandmother pointed to the open door of the dining room and said, "The sideboard is in there."

"You show us," the lieutenant growled at her, and made a threatening move toward her with his sword. And those brave soldiers of the United States leveled their bayonets toward her.

When they reached the sideboard they ordered her to open it. She just stood in all her pride and dignity and looked at them with a look of total contempt and loathing.

"Prize the drawers open," the lieutenant commanded his men. They did with their bayonets, and they searched—but no gold did they find.

The soldiers left grudgingly, and it was as if some terrible pestilence had been in her house. The weather was hot and those yankees didn't bathe much. You can guess what I mean.

Great Grandmother later discovered that a wicked slave who had been the house boy had told those thieving rogues of the money.

Well, the secret is this—there was a secret drawer in the sideboard and snugly placed in it was $500 in gold coins—all the real cash she had, since the wad of Confederate bills did not have very much buying value.

The same evil slave told those brutish raiders of the flour and meal stored under the gin house scales. The yankees found that and destroyed it. Grandmother was left with all those hungry slaves and their wives and many children, but she got by without anyone starving.

So as we commemorate the War for Southern Independence, let's not forget that some of the bravest soldiers the South had were the ladies back home on the plantations and in the towns and cities who did not ever surrender!

I think that my father would have been deeply honored to have his stories recounted here. But his favorite audience for them was a visiting Northerner.

"Do you see this gouge?" he would ask the Yankee, pointing to the defaced sideboard drawer. And then he would launch into the story, fully enjoying what he judged to be just, redemptive, penitential discomfort for the sins of the Yankee's fathers. The sideboard is still in my mother's dining room, and as long as it remains in this family, at least, it will never be repaired. ☆

Cecile Gray teaches at the Josephinum College. Her poetry has appeared in *The Ohio Journal, Spirit* and elsewhere.

The Constitution (Like The Dollar) Ain't What It Used To Be)

A review of *Novus Ordo Seclorum: The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution,* by Forrest McDonald (University Press of Kansas, 1985).

by Stephen Page Smith

There is a battle going on for the United States Constitution. On one side are the proponents of the "living Constitution," a long-dominant school of thought which began by emphasizing the flexibility of the document, but lately has begun to deny that the text of the Constitution imposes any limitations whatever on the rulings of judges.

The professors and jurists who believe in the "living Constitution" maintain that we are not to be restrained by the literal text or the original intent of the Constitution's framers. Under this view, the Constitution is whatever the judges want it to be at any moment in time.

It used to be said of this country that ours is a government of laws and not of men. Not so, according to the flexible view. To those of this school of jurisprudence, judges are the agents of moral progress in a government of men and not of laws. These historical amnesiacs argue that the original intent of the Framers is impossible to discern. They seem to regard the Constitutional Convention of 1787 as having taken place in some distant period of dim pre-history from which no records survive.

On the other side, that fragile bubble of an idea is utterly exploded by eminent political historian Forrest McDonald of the University of Alabama in *Novus Ordo Seclorum: The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution.* (At risk of offending those readers who pride themselves on remembering their Latin, the title can be translated as "a new order of the ages." If the phrase sounds familiar, it is; look at the back of a dollar bill.)

Novus Ordo Seclorum is the third book McDonald has produced on the origins of the United States Constitution. The first, *We the People* (1958), probed the weaknesses of Charles A. Beard's thesis that the Constitution could be explained by reference to the economic interests of the Framers. If *We the People* was designed to show what role economics did *not* play in the drafting of the Constitution, McDonald's second book on the subject, *E Pluribus Unum* (1965), showed what part economic self-interest *did* play in the Convention. Now, with *Novus Ordo Seclorum,* the picture is filled in by tracing the *intellectual* (and, it must be added, the *spiritual*) origins of the Constitution.

If there is one thing McDonald has demonstrated, it is that historians and therefore judges have a plethora of materials at their disposal in studying the origins of the Constitution. Long forced to rely heavily on the useful but incomplete and somewhat self-serving notes of James Madison at the Convention, scholars more recently have had access to the notes and correspondence of other Convention delegates. This has added a depth and richness of texture to the formerly spare narrative of the Convention. McDonald has made himself master of this mass of material, a feat to which his copious footnotes amply attest. The result is a volume of solid history which simultaneously challenges the scholar and enlightens the general reader. As the author states in his preface (page xii):

> *The American founders left an enormous quantity and variety of written materials, informing us from many points of view what they did, what they read, what they believed, and what they thought. It is a central part of the plan of this book that the notes be set at the foot of the page, so that the reader can see for himself just what a rich store of materials the founders bequeathed to us.*

Equally important, McDonald has avoided the common mistake of viewing the Convention and the Framers through the thick lens of two centuries of subsequent experience. He is particularly careful to use language in the context of 1787—not the present. Even such seemingly self-evident concepts as "liberty," "property," and "society," and common words like "discover" and "economy" are re-invested with the precise shades of meaning intended during the late eighteenth century. Then, even as today, certain "code words" served as a kind of shorthand designation for whole complex bodies of thought.

The state of flux through which the vocabulary of politics was passing in the late eighteenth century only reflected the cross currents of ideas in the realm of political theory. The American founders were demonstrably well read in both classical and modern philosophers and remarkably well versed in history. The difficulty in their deliberations arose when they drew on incompatible political theories, or when they got their history wrong on certain small but significant points.

The influence of Locke and Montesquieu on the founding of the republic has been recognized virtually from the beginning; indeed, more recently historians have been at pains to deflate the enormous claims made for the influence of these seminal thinkers. McDonald gives Locke and Montesquieu their due, but he also closely examines some poitical theorists whose influence on the founding is less well known to the general reader: Burlamaqui, Vattel, Bolingbroke, Harrington, and others. James Harrington had presented the seed of the idea of Jeffersonian agrarianism in his *Oceana* (1656), a seed which was to blossom in Virginia and throughout the South nearly a century and a half later. A famous commentator whose influence on the Constitution is widely recognized is Sir William Blackstone. But, as McDonald notes, Blackstone has been shown to have been wrong in a number of places in his magisterial *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765). Nevertheless, Blackstone, for the Framers, was an infallible authority on English law and legal history so that, operatively, what Blackstone said was what the Framers accepted and acted upon. McDonald also shows the importance of the contributions of the eighteenth century Scottish philosophers to the making of the Constitution contributions heretofore neglected or misunderstood. Drawing on all these diverse sources and on their understanding of history, the founders of the American republic formulated several strands of political and economic theory which they used skillfully in weaving their system.

In politics, there was a near-universal commitment to "natural law," though there were differences over how that concept was to be defined and what it implied. There was also a general consensus in favor of republicanism as a form of government. That too was subject to varying interpretations, and many of the Framers thought that limited monarchy was a better way to safeguard liberty. They acquiesced in republicanism because they felt it was the only form of government the American electorate would then accept. (McDonald offers evidence that more than twenty of the Convention delegates were monarchists in principle.) A third strand of political theory was the ideology of the English opposition, or "country party," an ideology used by both Whigs and Tories when they were out of power. This was perhaps the least healthy element in the mix, involving as it did generous measures of paranoia and conspiracy theories. In economic matters, the contending theories included the long-dominant mercantilism, the novel doctrines of the French physiocrats, and the nascent capitalism of Adam Smith.

Among these various strands of thought, McDonald pays special attention to republicanism and what it entailed. To most American patriots, a republican government was simply the kind to which they were already accustomed, but without royal officials. To others, it was the kind of idealized government they thought existed in England, a government in which monarchy and republicanism were not incompatible. (In fact, Hume had argued in a widely-read essay that the government of Great Britain was indeed a kind of "royal republic.") To still others, it meant simply a representative democracy, or a kind of half-mythical classical republic.

Those Americans in public life who reduced their republican principles to systems may be briefly divided into two categories: the more classical, or "puritan," and the more modern, or "agrarian." Both schools believed that republics were dependent for their lives on "public virtue." They diverged on the best method of

fostering this vital element. As might be expected from their designations, puritan types were concentrated in the North, and agrarians in the South, though both types could be found in each region.

Puritan republicanism tended toward the totalitarian in its zeal for building public virtue on the Spartan model. Almost everything was considered to impact on the concerns of the state, and therefore was subject to its regulation. A brief review of the "sumptuary laws" regulating personal behavior in the colonies of the eighteenth century makes curious reading for present-day Americans.

Agrarian republicanism on the other hand, drawing on the thought of Harrington, saw virtue as inevitably flowing from the independence that came with the ownership of land. They thus sought to make as many independent landowners as possible, each jealous and watchful of concentrations of power. In short, "puritans" thought public virtue was best protected by making better people, while "agrarians" preferred to concentrate on making better institutional arrangements. It is apparent, even from McDonald's outline of these two systems of republican ideology, that they borrowed much from each other in later years.

The Framers have been castigated by some contemporary critics for their indifference on the subject of slavery. McDonald's lucid explanation of the paradox of liberty and slavery does much to tighten up the loose thinking of our time. First, he shows that at least thirty of the fifty-five delegates to the Constitutional Convention were slaveholders. Many of them expressed concern over the institution, but their protestations often seemed to be mere rote recitations. A number of factors worked to mitigate the seriousness of the problem in the minds of the Framers. Slavery was generally felt to be a declining institution, though still widely practiced. Only New Hampshire and Massachusetts had abolished slavery completely by 1787, but every state had some sort of restriction on the slave trade. Very little new active enslavement was taking place, and most masters and slaves had never known any other system. Also many free Americans or their immediate forebears had experienced a temporary slavery as indentured servants. Moreover, even a cursory acquaintance with Scripture and history taught that slavery was not always necessarily evil, particularly since the comparative mildness of the institution in America was much remarked on by visitors from Europe. And, in the eighteenth century political vocabulary, "equality" did not necessarily exclude even slavery, at least not immediately. The Framers erred in viewing slavery as a relatively minor problem, soon to shrink away entirely, but their miscalculation is understandable in the 1787 context.

One particularly thorny problem which McDonald addresses, and one of particular interest to Southerners, is the question of sovereignty. Until the Declaration of Independence, sovereignty over the colonies had reposed in the King. After that, where did it go? McDonald considers and rejects the notion that the colonies had reverted to a Lockean "state of nature," and then offers solid evidence for the proposition that sovereignty had reverted to the colonies (later to become the several states) as "political societies." This is shown by the conduct of the states between 1776 and 1787, by the method of voting at the Constitutional Convention (each state had one vote, regardless of its size or number of delegates), by the debates of the Convention, the text of the Constitution, and by the method of ratification—by state conventions specially called for the purpose, and not by the legislatures. Indeed, the proceedings of these state ratifying conventions are an important and little-understood source of insight in to the "intentions" of the Framers. In those debates, proponents and opponents of the Constitution stated forthrightly just what they understood themselves to be voting for and against. It is significant that the Southern states, when they seceded in 1860-61, followed the same method in leaving the Union as they had in entering it: state conventions.

In one sense, those who say we can not know the intentions of the Framers of the Constitution are right: we can not know their *subjective* motives for arguing and voting as they did. But, as Forrest McDonald has conclusively shown in *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, there is an abundance of *objective* evidence to show what their practical intentions were. Also, the "living Constitution" school is right in saying there is a degree of flexibility in the Constitution. The Framers knew that changes would come. They designed the Constitution to absorb the shock of change and yet endure as a "new order of the ages." As Edmund Burke, the high priest of conservatism, remarked, change is Providential, for a state without the means of necessary change is without the means of its own preservation. (Burke's discernible influence on the Convention was profound. See Russell Kirk's essay "Edmund Burke and the Constitution," in *The Intercollegiate Review*, Winter, 1985-86.)

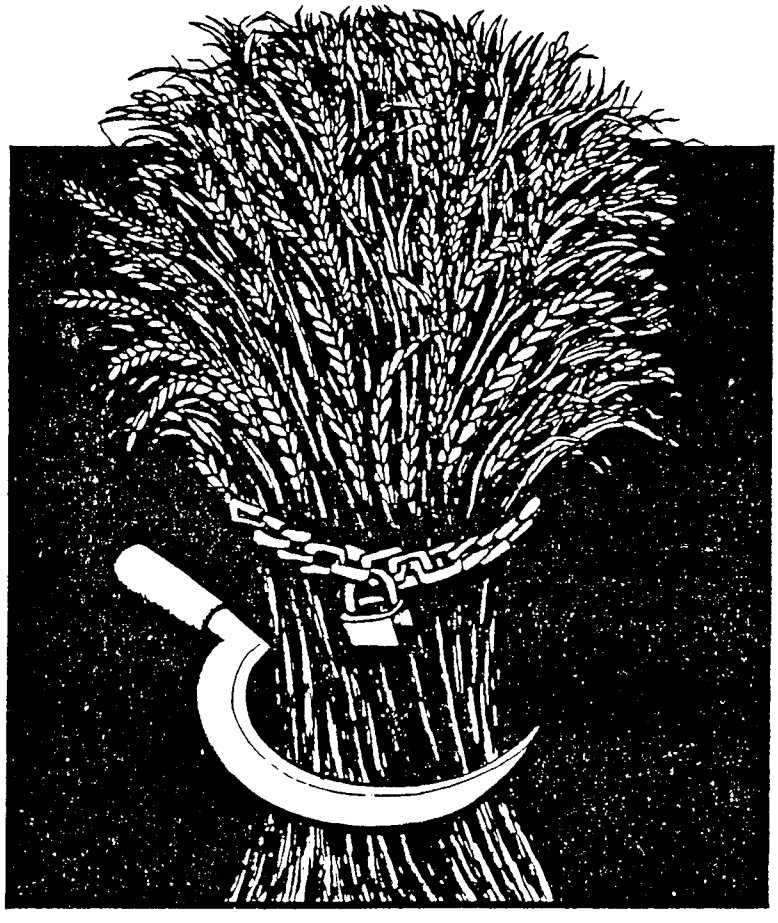
The *real* Bicentennial will occur next year—the two hundredth anniversary of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Does the United States still have a sufficient stock of "public virtue" to survive? Will ours continue to be a government of laws and not of men? The Constitution Bicentennial will present an opportunity for sober consideration of these and other fundamental questions. Forrest McDonald, in *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, has provided much of the material needed for formulating the right answers to those questions. May he be widely read and heeded. ☆

Stephen Page Smith is a Kentuckian who resides in Virginia and practices law in Washington, D.C.

The Russian AGRARIANS

by Charles Scott Hamel

A review of ***The Faces of Contemporary Russian Nationalism*** *by John B. Dunlop (Princeton University Press, 1983, $32.00)*



Occasionally there appears that rare phenomenon, a work on an important aspect of international affairs having a Southern angle or "hook." Dunlop's *The Faces of Contemporary Russian Nationalism* is just such a book. Russian Nationalists, who have come to the fore in the post-Stalin and post-Khrushchev era, are attempting to find ways of pulling Russia away from the brink of an impending economic, ecological, social and spiritual catastrophe which is the direct result of communist ideology. Their perceptions of the nature of this crisis (and possible solutions to it) are strikingly similar to the perceptions and solutions of the Southern Agrarians who combined to write *I'll Take My Stand* over fifty years ago.

At first glance it might seem strange that any kind of regional or nationalist sentiment could or would develop in a country which avowedly embraces an internationalist ideology. However, with the advent of World War II, Stalin quickly realized that the Russian people simply were not going to die for Marx, Lenin or the workers-of-the-world; and, accordingly, fostered and encouraged the love of "Mother Russia." Khrushchev, although not sympathetic to the cause of Russian nationalism, indirectly encouraged the nationalist trend through his purge of Stalinism and his systematic destruction of many of Russia's historical monuments. This last action helped in creating a body of opinion strongly opposed to the further destruction of national monuments.

When Khrushchev was kicked out, his successors were to a degree sympathetic to some of the Nationalist aims; and, in fact, found mild support among members of the Politbureau. It is now time to examine the views of these Nationalists and to note similarities to the thinking of the Southern Agrarians.

Dunlop's excellent study gives us a sharp insight into the roots of Russian culture, and its essentially agrarian roots. Put briefly, the Russian Nationalists believe that the Promethean ideology of Bolshevism, by encouraging overly rapid modernization, has destroyed the heart and soul of Russia. Unless restorative measures are under-

taken, the Nationalists predict that the Soviet Union is headed for a disaster or a series of disasters of the first magnitude.

High among Nationalist priorities is the restoration of village life. Russia's greatness in the past was rooted in the village which gave people a sense of place, a closeness to the soil and a feeling for community. Excessive industrialism has caused the decay of the village; its inhabitants migrate to the large city seeking work in heavy industry, thereby creating a large rootless population which turns to alcohol and other dangerous diversions for release from a dull and meaningless routine.

Closely related to a flourishing village life, as the Nationalists see it, is a restored Orthodox Church. Like the village, the church is perceived as having played a significant role in Russia's greatness and having suffered with her in times of past troubles. Persecuted and tormented from the very beginning of the Bolshevist regime, the Orthodox Church has, miraculously, not only survived but flourished. The Nationalists argue that a revived church, freed from persecution, could greatly assist in combating alcoholism and other social ills and would bring about the spiritual revival of the Russian people.

In the economic sphere, the Nationalists favor abolishing the collective farm system and replacing it with private holdings. Other sectors of the economy would be placed in private hands, though some types of heavy industry would remain under state control. The economic system they regard most favorably seems to be a kind of "third way"—neither socialistic nor capitalistic.

Since the Soviet Union owns the "means of production," it would seem an easy matter for the USSR to prevent pollution. However, industrial pollution in that country exceeds the level of anything in the West. Nationalists see it as one of their duties to call attention to the destruction of the lakes, forests, rivers and so forth—the results of Soviet industry Prometheanism.

Related to the ecological concerns is much interest in the preservation of historic buildings and sites associated with Russian history. Many articles published in *Samizdat*, the underground free press, frequently appear on this subject. Voluntary societies devote considerable time and effort to promoting projects such as trips to historic sites, collecting Russian folk music and calling attention to the anniversaries of old Russian cities.

As was noted earlier, the post-Khrushchev regime has shown itself to be not unsympathetic to the National Movement; perhaps leaders in the Politbureau are aware that in the event of a war with China or the West, the regime could survive only (as was the case in World War II) through invoking national sentiment and appealing to the heroes of the Russian past. Support, however, is sporadic and when the Church is involved, scant support turns to hostility. The case of Father Dimitri Dudko is a good example. At one time Father Dudko served as Alexandr Solzenhitsen's personal confessor, and he was closely involved with the National Movement. Although he pointed out to the regime how the church could be of assistence in the areas of crime and alcoholism, nevertheless Father Dudko was arrested and forced to confess his "errors" on Soviet television because he had dared to criticize the regime's brutal and unbelievably cruel treatment of the clergy. For example: crucifixion of priests over altars and the smothering of churchmen in tar barrels.

The attentive reader will observe how closely related to the concerns of the Southern Agrarians are the concerns of the new Russian Nationalists. Like the Nationalists, the Agrarians believed that the spiritual death of the South, and ultimately the nation, depended on a proper relation to the land and the soil. The Agrarians favored the local and provincial over the large and anonymous. They were concerned with the disappearence of historical memory which they believed excessive industrialism causes. And they believed that religion should play a significant role in peoples' lives, recalling a significant difference between the American North and South. While religious liberalism prospered elsewhere, the South held fast to orthodoxy. And recently, in the South, the attacks on the flying of the Confederate flag over state houses, schools and so forth are not dissimilar to the Soviet destruction of historic monuments and churches. The new nationalists perceive correctly that communism destroys the spiritual essence of man and, like the Agrarians, their criticism and their ideas are directed toward a restoration of national spirituality.

Dunlop concludes his book by offering us some policy recommendations that the United States and the West would be well-advised to put into effect. First, he says, we must cease using indiscriminately the terms "Russian" and "Soviet." Careless nomenclature of this kind understandably irritates the Nationalists. Secondly, we must have a better understanding of the nineteenth century Slavophiles to whom the Nationalists look for guidance. Such an understanding should be easy for Southerners, because the Slavophiles have a readily identifiable equilavent in spokesmen for the American South who have realized that the South, like Russia, has not followed the past of Western European and American capitalism. Dunlop also suggests that the United States hold exhibitions in the USSR on the works of figures such as Faulkner, whom the Nationalists hold in high regard. I would also add to the works of Faulkner, the works of Richard Weaver, Andrew Lytle, Robert Penn Warren, Donald Davidson and other prominent Southern writers. This is a very rich book and I have only touched its highlights. It should be required reading for the drones in the State Department. ☆

Charles Scott Hamel, in addition to being the publisher of this fine journal, has traveled extensively throughout Europe and the Middle East.

The Perfect Hush Puppy

by Anne Tyler Norman

In modern times, man still questions the meaning of life, strives to find cures for disease, and wrestles with the effects of affluence. He also debates the origin of the hush puppy: that gossamer fritter of deep-fried cornmeal always present on seafood platters in the South and sometimes even showing up at barbeques.

The history of the hush puppy is scant and contradictory. Three states lay claim to its invention and although most cookbooks call them Louisiana Hush Puppies or Georgia Hush Puppies, Florida and Maryland are the states with the most credible tales concerning the hush puppy's birth. When it comes time to choose sides and argue, your loyalties will depend on your background and prejudices. Just bear in mind the struggle over the hush puppy is for real, one of the great debates of our time.

And, alas, it also is tainted with culinary elitism. Most people claim with excessive pride that hush puppies can only be cooked by touch. Ingredients and shape are disputed. And beginners frustrated over disastrous results (hardening, splintering) too soon reach for the ready-made mix and lose their credibility forever.

No one knows how long these puffs (puffs of cornmeal, milk, salt, flour, egg, and baking powder with adornments ranging from jalapeno peppers to cheddar cheese) have been around. An educated guess would be a century and a half. One part of Florida says some fishermen of yester-year were holding a fish fry and to quiet some yapping pups, an enterprising cook tossed some corn bread batter into deep fat. The results were thrown at the canine guests with the admonishment: "Hush, puppy!" Another part of Florida says it was some blacks who were watching the sugar cane vats and threw

Skeptics look at these small round balls and shrug them off as offensive and dull. Such is not necessarily the case. A hush puppy can be a subtle accompaniment to any seafood dish or a spicy, vegetable filled gourmet's delight.

the fried corn bread at the dogs. Meanwhile, up north in Maryland, folks say hush puppies came from women who were sitting around a fire at a fish fry, quilting and wagging their tongues. The Maryland lore makes no mention of hungry dogs so maybe the hush puppies were tossed at hungry husbands and children instead. An irrelevant point.

Skeptics look at these small round balls and shrug them off as offensive and dull. Such is not necessarily the case. A hush puppy can be a subtle accompaniment to any seafood dish or a spicy, vegetable-filled gourmet's delight. As for technique, anyone who had trouble with their first batch may remember satellite shaped stones with sticky insides. Making hush puppies is like making bread or making soufflés or making sauces: it's an art form. That's why the mix was invented. It aids those who are all thumbs.

Mention hush puppy and some will envision hard, dark brown, cold balls they had along with rubbery clams at some interstate seafood joint. Tell them to think again. Cast the proper spell and hush puppies become a gastronome's joy. Be creative and espouse the philosophy that anything goes. If hot is what you like, reach for the cayenne. If mild is what you like, reach for parsley and scallions and garlic. If homestyle is for you, reach for bacon and onions and green peppers. Just remember hush puppies are meant to be tasted, so spice them with panache unless you're cooking for someone with gastroenteritis. And remember that making hush puppies is a good way to rid your refrigerator of annoying dibs and dabs.

Like any deep-fat frying, the oil is all important. To avoid the awful spitting of fat that sears your forearms, only use two inches in a deep pot. Any pot will do. Heat the oil thoroughly—some hush puppy artists even think the oil should be on the verge of smoking—and test the heat with a small bit of bread or butter. Hush puppies should be about an inch and a half in diameter.

The best way to drop the hush puppies in the oil is by placing the batter on a soup spoon and scraping them off with a teaspoon. Hush puppies should be cooked on all sides until a golden brown. To ensure the best results remove one and slice into the middle. The outside will leave slightly oily fingers, but rest assured the inside will be the same texture as a muffin if cooked properly. Most believe the best hush puppies are cooked in the same oil as fried fish.

Hush puppies have their fans who list hard facts as follows: 1) Hush puppies taste better outside, and 2) Hush puppies should always be eaten to excess. These fans also believe this bread travels well, whether over the wall to the neighbors', in the refrigerator of a Winnebago on its way to Yellowstone, along the shores of the Atlantic, or by the side of a campfire in the Blue Ridge.

Whether you make hush puppies shaped like flat cakes, spheres, or fingers is of no real consequence. Next time you find yourself looking for an accompaniment to that nice piece of flounder you bought at the fishmarket or the catfish your cousin caught in the creek down the way, don't reach for the potatoes and start slicing for fries. Remember the hush puppy! ★

Here are some delicious hush puppy recipes!

Gourmet Hush Puppies

½ cup white or yellow cornmeal
½ cup all purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon sugar
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk
juice of half a lemon
1 teaspoon garlic, chopped fine
3 tablespoons scallions chopped with green
vegetable oil for frying

Sift dry ingredients in a mixing bowl. Add beaten egg and enough milk to make a light batter. Add lemon juice followed by scallions and garlic.

Pour roughly 2 inches of oil into a pot and heat thoroughly. Drop batter off soup spoon, using teaspoon to form balls, into fat. Cook until golden. Serves 2-3.

Charles Friedman's Hush Puppies

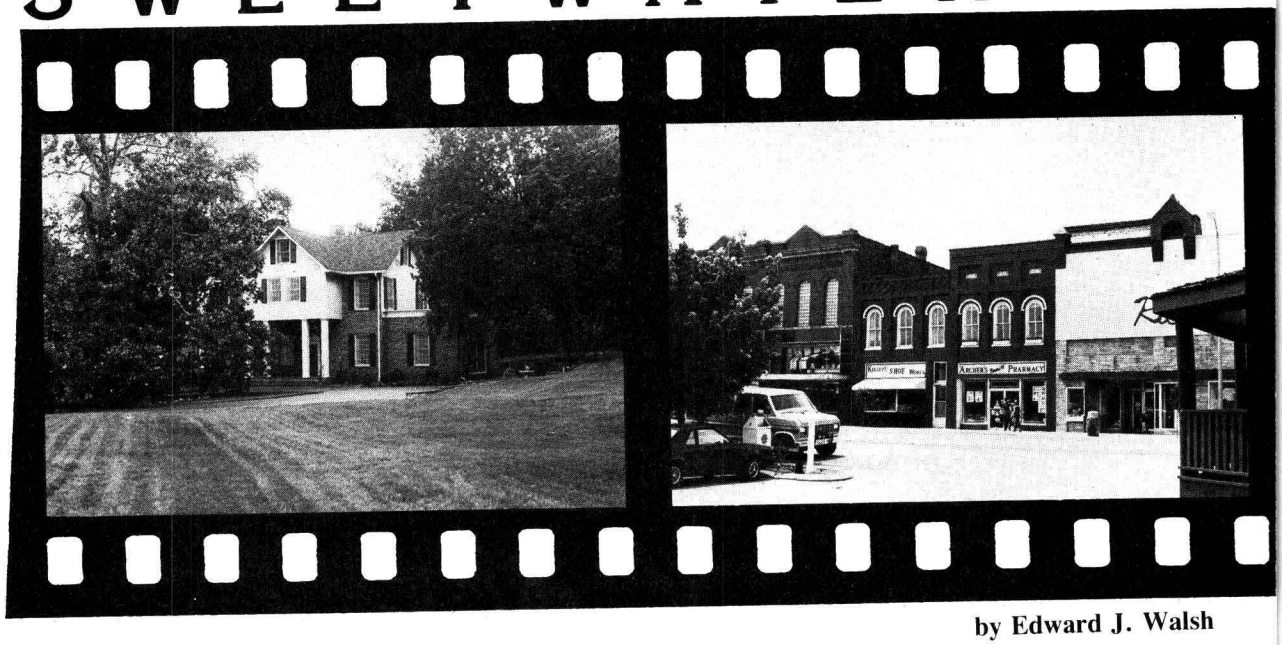
½ cup stone ground corn meal
½ cup flour
2 tablespoons onion, chopped fine
½ teaspoon salt and pepper
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ cup buttermilk
1 8¾ ounce can whole kernel corn with half the juice
vegetable oil for frying

Mix meal, flour, onion, salt, pepper, and baking powder. Dissolve soda in milk and add to meal mixture. Add corn as well as juice. Beat well and drop from spoon into hot oil. Brown on both sides. Serves 4-5.

Anne Tyler Norman is a free-lance writer who contributes to the food page of the *Charleston News & Courier* and is now writing a book on the region's premier cooks.

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*

SWEETWATER



by Edward J. Walsh

Some six hundred miles southwest of Manhattan, the tall hills of East Tennessee rise as the southern appendage of the Blue Ridge, a hinge of the Appalachians. If you press south on Interstate 75 beyond Knoxville, the mountains are soothed again into rolling green hills that skirt the Great Smokies. Coming on down the highway, about twenty miles south of the eastern branch of the Tennessee River, you'll arrive in (or pass) Sweetwater, Tennessee.

It's easy to miss the Sweetwater exit on I-75 and continue driving toward Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, where Union and Confederate troops slaughtered each other at Chickamauga, just over the Georgia line. Still, even if you're bound for Myrtle Beach or parts further south, it's worthwhile to pause for an afternoon or a day at Sweetwater, a town of 5,000 souls living between the purple Smokies to the east and the red clay of the Deep South.

The citizens of Sweetwater combine two Southern traditions. The genteel manners and aristocratic bearing of the antebellum plantation blend with the rawboned toughness of the mountain people, who migrated, two centuries ago, from the Welsh and Scottish outposts on the Carolina coast through the dark forests of western North Carolina.

They settled the wilderness of East Tennessee, where some of their descendants still linger, aloof, in the Smokies, and others reside further west and south where the flavor of the Old Confederacy persists disdainfully today. It is a rich land of fat cattle and vernal pastures rolling east of Sweetwater to the soaring peaks and plunging rivers of the Smokies—the old Cherokee country, still haunted by wild memories. But the wilderness ends at this quiet place, where a unique story is told in the lives of ordinary people—a vignette of the South—of America.

A twenty-minute drive will show you all of the town. Small farms and truck gardens, prosperous with a few acres of corn and tobacco, rim the outskirts. An occasional horse, grazing on a front lawn, may pause to inspect passersby. There's little woodland immediately west of Sweetwater; only wide, wide sky meeting pastureland, thick and green for three-fourths of the year. In this distance, fertile hills reflect the sun lightly, and small patches of brown wheat are interspersed with brilliant meadows, dotted with Herefords and Black Angus.

To the east, the hills are more prominent—darker, with stands of Carolina pine rising sharply skyward beyond the railroad crossing, giving a sudden reminder of the wild country just across the tracks, toward the Smokies. The main highway east winds sharply into the empty hills, suitable only for the ramshackle cabins of mountain people, miles from the road.

There is an eerie loneliness in those hills beyond Sweetwater. Once, no doubt, pioneers in buckskin felt it too, staring at the dark woods beyond their rough-hewn stockades. Today, the painted savages are gone, but the forest is no less dark and thick. Proud mountaineers still occupy those lonely woods, maintaining a tenuous link with society, yet keeping alive visceral memories of an earlier America.

The texture of history and environment defines life in Sweetwater. The streets of the "business district" in-

clude the same establishments found in any community of similar size: the little tavern, closed by 8:00 P.M.; the railroad depot; and the town square where every second year the local Congressman appears, the high school band blares a few notes, and the republic survives.

Down Main Street, parallel to the tracks and across from the law office sits Sweetwater Hosiery Mills, the city's biggest employer, with 150 souls on the payroll. Here, women's and children's socks are woven, stitched, and packed for shipment to Sears from coast to coast. Most of the employees are women.

The two buildings of the mill border what must be called Sweetwater Creek, but there is no picturesque stone dam or New England-style mill wheel. The mill turns out a high-quality product, and prospers. The weaving supervisor, now in his fifties, started with the company as a sewer, then inherited the supervisor's job from his father, who had come to the mill in the early years of this century.

The stately homes on Church Street, preserved reverently, are not museums. They house prosperous families who love the easy, subtly aristocratic pace of small town life, but who demonstrate as well a determination to enjoy the luxuries of Southern life, including evenings spent swaying gently in the old porch swings, sipping red-tea or bourbon, chatting, laughing, sharing anecdotes that, among the older folks, may have originated in Sweetwater a generation past. The summer nights fall slowly, bringing fireflies and a pervasive calm, that accents soft voices echoing faintly from yard to yard. The mood is one of profound peace rooted in a sense of being at home. Time slows in Sweetwater and tender June evenings pass into warm humid days, into a temperate autumn and winter, as each season fades into the curtain of history.

But a visitor to Sweetwater remembers chiefly the people. These East Tennesseans instinctively extend their hospitality, not with effusive, gushing warmth but with a quiet dignity. Relations between hosts and guests are flavored, like everything else, by tradition. An invitation given is not merely for shelter or food, but for conversation and friendship. Your host's wife will inquire of yours, his daughter will bring you an after-dinner cigar or brandy, while the entire family wins your affection. Suddenly, the world outside, the world beyond the dark silent mountains, beyond Sweetwater, seems very far away. And the visitor's inclination is to linger, to circulate among these people, to walk their streets a bit longer.

Finally, you realize that Sweetwater, like a great many little towns in the South, embodies the ideals and values of small-town America, a way of life that has aged but never grows old—never loses its appeal to the heart.

The pioneer spirit is alive in East Tennessee. The descendents of a strong mountain stock still retain the land, and they pass along the legacy, a generous legacy with a portion always ready to share with a visitor on Tour in Sweetwater. ☆

Edward J. Walsh is a fine gentleman who makes his home in Music City and enjoys the simple pleasures of life.

BOOKNOTES

FAMILIAR GROUND

Elizabeth Cox. New York: Atheneum. 220 pp. $14.95.

From Poe to Percy, Southern literature is full of characters haunted by the past. Whatever they do, wherever they go, they cannot escape its pull.

Jacob Bechner is one of those. The protagonist in Elizabeth Cox's first novel, he returns to his native Sweetwater, Tennessee, at the behest of aged Callie Locke. Callie, herself haunted by a traumatic long-ago event, wrote that she knew something startling about the mysterious death of Jacob's older brother, Drue. Now in his sixties, Jacob has for decades blamed himself for Drue's death. Like most of the other characters, he has borne his pain silently. But he has paid an awful price for his stoicism: though physically and mentally alive, he has become spiritually and emotionally *dead.*

A deadness afflicts most of the other characters, as well: Jacob's sister Annie, burdened by her invalid husband and a sin for which she cannot forgive herself; Annie's daughter, Verna, bearing the cross of a husband behind bars and three small children; and finally, Jacob's mother Sarah—long dead, but having left a diary hinting of a loathsome secret.

Cox conveys these understated but brilliant characterizations via a shifting-viewpoint, stream-of-consciousness narrative, seasoned with numerous flashbacks. She unfolds the story gradually but inexorably, imparting a dream-like quality to the narrative. In fact, the characters often behave as though they're in a common dream, reaching out to each other desperately, but futilely. Still, despite their inability to achieve a meaningful communion, the characters and their environment have reached a certain *oneness* which only those close to the land can experience. Cox, a Chattanooga native and Ole Miss graduate, appreciates that oneness.

—William M. Vatavuk

RANEY

Clyde Edgerton. Chapel Hill: Algonquin Books. 227 pp. $12.95.

Most Southerners and indeed most people think that Southern novels are always intrinsically *about* the South, and in his first novel, Clyde Edgerton seems to justify such expectations. Very clearly the author equates the domestic quarrels of a young couple with the conflicts of Old South versus New. His protagonist, an "anachronistic" voice of the unreconstructed North Carolina backwoods, embodies the tensions of a region in transition. Nevertheless, *Raney* is essentially a comical sketch of early marriage, and its Southern themes are only secondarily important. The book opens with a newspaper clipping detailing the marriage of Raney Bell and Charles Shepherd and closes two years later with an announcement of the baptism of their first child. Although bride and groom share a love of music—Raney sings and Charles plays the banjo—their first years together are anything but harmonious.

In contrast to her progressive husband, an Atlanta-bred librarian given to theorizing, Raney relies unquestioningly on homespun principles passed down from generation to generation. Charles proffers neat textbook definitions ("Raney, the way it works is this: small people talk about themselves; mediocre people talk about other people; and thinking people talk about ideas"), while his wife stubbornly adheres to tradition and family ethics ("Mama and Aunt Flossie have taught me for as long as I can remember, to be good to old people").

This is one difference. There are many. Disparities in personality and background, vague and insignificant in courtship, become dueling weapons in marriage. Raney wins this particular debate when Charles, wanting to prove his heart is "warm and kind," agrees to help with Golden Agers' Day, but she does not win them all. During these first two years, Raney modifies her strait-laced opinions on sex and alcohol and bows to Charles' ideas on religion and race—she joins the Episcopal Church and agrees to have Charles' black friend named godfather of their child.

Part of Raney's difficulty is that she must adjust not only to being newly married, but to a new *kind* of marriage as well, one in which neither wife nor husband is in charge. While acknowledging the advantages of a "modern" marriage based on equality, she leaves us to ponder the wisdom of her query: "It's fair. No doubt about that, but I don't know if it's natural."

Much of this book is standard fare. The eccentric Confederate, the alcoholic uncle, the absurd suicide are rendered as predictable as the sytematic rituals of viewing the dead, shopping at the mall, and dining at the Ramada. Much of what is funny, however, is to be found in the narrator's wry perspective and transparent observations, generously peppered with malapropisms: "And I had told Charles way back, of course, that I wanted my marriage consumed *after* I was married." While Raney can be unconvincingly obtuse (No Southerner, black or white, could *really* confuse the words "segregated" and "integrated" as she does), her story promises an enjoyable evening of reading as it so humorously and succinctly captures that rite of passage we call newlywed.

—Loxley Nichols

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

LEE'S NOBLE SOLDIER, ***by Joseph E. Elliott. Morningside House (P. O. Box 1087, Dayton, Ohio 45401). 172 pp. $20.00.*** Author Joseph C. Elliott has done us all a favor with his new biography of General Richard H. Anderson of South Carolina. This is the first biography of Anderson in almost seventy years and Elliott has worked all the right sources to produce an authoritative study of "Fighting Dick" Anderson, who was at the forefront of the War in the Eastern Theater from the earliest shots to Appomattox. This is a terse, well-written book and is handsomely bound. Its single flaw: it is too brief. Elliott's literary talent and Anderson's contribution to the War are both worthy of another hundred pages.

BOY COLONEL OF THE CONFEDERACY, ***by Archie K. Davis. University of North Carolina Press. 406 pp. $29.95.*** This biography of Confederate Colonel Henry K. Burgwyn, Jr. is a contrast to the Anderson biography; anymore information on the South's "Boy Colonel" would have been overkill. However, the subject is deserving of attention. Burgwyn was reportedly the youngest of Lee's lieutenants—killed at age 21 leading the 26th N. C. into action on the first day at Gettysburg. His story is chronicled by a retired North Carolina bank chairman and former state senator, whose first love has always been the War Between the States. Though a little dry in places, this is a thorough, definitive account of a young Southerner who aged and died before his time in the flame of battle.

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF VIRGINIA: CHANCELLORSVILLE, ***by Jed Hotchkiss and William Allan. Butternut and Blue (2804 Maple Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21234). 152 pp. $32.00.*** When authors Hotchkiss and Allan wrote their history of the Battle of Chancellorsville, less than four years had passed since the historic Confederate victory. Hotchkiss, a Confederate captain and topographical engineer, drew the maps and Allan, a lieutenant colonel, wrote the text, producing a work that today ranks near the top of the collector's lists on rarity and importance. Now, happily, Butternut and Blue has reprinted it in an authentic-looking reproduction, complete with five of Hotchkiss' maps—what may be the best maps of Chancellorsville.

INFERNAL MACHINES, ***by Milton F. Perry. LSU Press. 231 pp. $8.95 paperback.*** Confederate forces may have been undermanned and poorly equipped, but they never lacked ingenuity. That's obvious from this newly reprinted trade paper edition of an excellent 1965 work by historian Milton Perry. From the experimental submarine *Hunley* to the sophisticated minefield planted at Fort Fisher, the Confederacy's program of submarine and mine warfare paved the way for modern warfare. Perry tells the story with clarity and details—and with numerous photographs of Confederate submarines and "torpedoes."

HISTORY OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, ***by Ovid L. Futch. University of Florida Press. 146 pp. $4.50.*** Like its Northern counterparts—Camp Douglas, Elmira, and Point Lookout—Andersonville Prison was one of the great horrors of the war. Originally named Camp Sumter, the sprawling prison camp picked up the name of nearby Andersonville, Georgia and became a mass gravesite for thousands of Federal prisoners-of-war. Treated with more sensationalism than accuracy from war's end to the present, Andersonville receives fair treatment in this volume. All the circumstances that contributed to the horrors of the camp—lack of food, lack of disciplined troops, deprivation of war, etc.—are covered by the authors, and so is the terrible suffering of the Northern prisoners.

WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI, ***by Jerry Korn. Time-Life Books. 175 pp. $12.95.*** It was the single most damaging Confederate defeat of the War, according to many historians: the fall of Vicksburg opened the Mississippi and split the Confederacy. The costly defeat and the awesome campaign waged by both sides for control of the Mississippi citadel is well-told in this new volume. Some volumes of the Time-Life series are better than others and this is among the best. The suffering of Vicksburg's civilian population is covered in detail and includes the story, with accompanying photographs, of little Lucy McRae, a Vicksburg child who was buried alive by the Federal bombardment and was rescued by a local pastor. Perhaps the most memorable section of this volume is its "Gallery of Western Cavalrymen," which depicts the horse soldiers of the campaign—North and South—with a collection of photographic portraits. Often neglected in favor of the troops of the East, the soldiers of the Western Theater receive due credit in this skillfully written work.

WHISTLIN' DIXIE

J. R. VANOVER

IS THE WHITE SOUTHERNER READY FOR EQUALITY?

Some years ago, I've been told, William Buckley was patiently explaining to an interviewer that most of the African states could use additional tutelage before being given their independence. The interviewer, more responsive than Buckley to the winds of change, asked when these states *would* be ready for self-government. Buckley, playing his youthful role of conservativism's Oscar Wilde, smilingly replied: "When they stop eating each other."

I was reminded of Buckley's thoughts the other day when a friend gave me some pamphlets from a group called the Southern National Party, a Memphis-based outfit "dedicated to the creation of an independent Southern Republic." Why an independent Southland? Well, I'm afraid you may have guessed it: to prevent "mongrelization" and preserve "white civilization." Their literature is the old white supremacist hash, warmed over and served with a side order of anti-imperialism.

The nature of the organization's appeal can be inferred from its newsletter: a good many letters to the editor come from inmates of various prisons. Typically, these writers complain about the behavior of their black fellow-prisoners and generalize to the black population, ah, at large. These poor bewildered jailbirds don't seem to realize that one doesn't meet the highest type of black folks in prison—or white folks either. As a former governor of Georgia pointed out, most of the problems of our prisons could be solved if we had a better class of prisoners.

According to the party's literature, "A true Southerner must have [among other things] education or training as a Lady or Gentleman." Well, it's not surprising that these particular Southern gentlemen welcome the opportunity to feel superior to someone, but I hate to see their misery politicized, and I'm at something of a loss to explain the similar beliefs of those SNP members who are not at present pulling time.

Of course, these loonies are not representative or even respectable Southerners. Allowing for the usual nonchalance of fringe groups where zeros are involved, perhaps we can take their claim of 3,000 members to mean something between 30 and 300. The material I have is dated 1980, so it may even be that the Southern National Party has passed into oblivion, along with, say, William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts. But even so, its name draws attention in a dramatic way to the enduring, fatal affinity between this sort of trashy ideology and the South. At present, North Carolina is home base for something called the White Patriot Party (the title of whose newspaper, "The Confederate Leader," defiles the memory of some gallant men). And there have been and are, alas, many more examples.

To be sure, the South has no monopoly on racial and religious hate. I'm told—and I hope it's true—that more crosses are now burned outside the South than in it, and swastika-painting has never gone down well in a region as patriotic as ours. These days, the real hate-group heartland is apparently to be found in the Mountain States—and good riddance.

But many of the South's enemies still identify the South's culture with racism, and groups like the ones I have mentioned help them to do it. The mean-spirited impulse that animates them is something that no one with hopes for the South can ignore.

Race hatred stands in contradiction not only to the Christian principles these groups always claim to stand for, but also to their professed devotion to the South. Someone who truly loves the South loves it for what it is, and without the presence and contribution of black Southerners it would be little more than a hot Midwest.

Marshall Frady claims an old Georgia lawyer once said of Southern blacks, "...we're much closer to them, by damn, than we are to the white folks up yonder in New York and Minneapolis...We've got the same way of living close and easy to our skin, same kind of humor, same relishments in food...We're just a little *paler* in all these things, that's all." Well, maybe Frady was told that. Whether he was or not, maybe it's true. And certainly black Southerners can be every bit as conservative as white ones (racial issues aside, obviously), as many white pro-life evangelicals have recently discovered.

If "pro-Southern" comes to mean "anti-black," the South will never rise again, and it won't deserve to. Thank God that most white Southerners have come to see racism for the curse—for the insidious, soul-destroying *poison*—that it is. Black Southerners are not the enemy. And the South won't be ready for self-government until we stop eating each other.

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CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

JOHN HURLEY

THE BATTLE OF FAIRFAX COUNTY

With the assistance of the Confederate Memorial Association, Southern partisans in Fairfax, a Virginia community within the shadow of the Washington beltway are not only holding-out but counter-attacking. *Partisan* readers may recall from last issue's "Scalawag" Award that Harry Holsinger, principal of Fairfax High School had announced the banning of the school's traditional symbols for over 50 years: the "Johnny Reb" mascot, the "Confederettes" Drill Team and the Confederate battle flag. With all the inventiveness of a Soviet historian, Principal Holsinger, under fire from parents and students, has retreated from his original intent to remove the school name "Fairfax Rebels" and substitute something more homogonized like "Fairfax Falcons." Now he says he wants to keep the word "Rebels" but change its definition to something more acceptable than the "heritage of bigotry" represented by the Confederate soldier. His "rebels," he says, are figures like Martin Luther King and "local" rebels like George Washington and George Mason. An odd threesome, to say the least. Washington and Mason were among the largest slave owners in Northern Virginia. Washington is pictured on the Great Seal of the Confederacy as the guiding spirit of the South, and his great-grandaughter (through his wife Martha Custis) was the wife of the foremost general of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee. George Mason was so wedded to "states' rights" that he refused to sign the Constitution and opposed its ratification in the Virginia convention. His great-grandson, Confederate General Fitzhugh Lee called him "the father of secession."

Representatives of the Confederate Memorial Association recently testified before the Fairfax County School Board on the "Johnny Reb" issue. Only minutes before our presentation, the Board passed a resolution to create an Asian-Pacific American Week. (Fairfax High School has less than 50% minority students, Black and Asian combined). Confederate Memorial Association Board Member Richard Hines observed in his testimony, "I'm delighted to see that you took this action to help celebrate the heritage of students and parents in this District who are proud of their Asian-American tradition. I understand they constitute about 2% of your student body. Now, I am here today to ask the same courtesy for the vast majority who are Southern Americans. And I must ask you why are you so hostile to *our* symbols and *our* heritage? Can you not see the folly of your stand?"

Now the Confederate Memorial Association has written Principal Holsinger requesting "equal time" in the classroom to reply to his pronouncements which have been distributed to parents and students at taxpayers' expense. Should he fail to honor this request, Confederate Memorial Association lawyers are prepared to go to court on First Amendment grounds as well as charges of defamation against the good name of the Confederate soldier.

The situation has all the makings of another historic Fairfax Raid, similiar to that conducted in March of 1863 by the famous "Grey Ghost," Confederate Colonel John Singleton Mosby and 29 of his rangers. Outmanoeuvering thousands of Union troops, the Confederates rode into Fairfax in a daring moonlight raid on March 9, 1863, and made off with over one hundred horses and men including Union Brigadier General Edwin A. Stoughton. One brave Union officer, a Colonel Johnstone, commanding a nearby cavalry regiment eluded capture only by fleeing into the cold winter night barefoot and in a nightshirt to take refuge beneath a privy until all danger had passed. May the "Johnny Reb" raid of 1986 yield similiar results! Those readers wishing to assist the cause may write to the Fairfax County School Board at 10700 Page Avenue, Berkholder Building, Fairfax, Virginia 22030. Those wishing to support the war effort directly may send a contribution to the Confederate Memorial Association, 1322 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. The war continues behind enemy lines.

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

PROFESSOR 'IGGINS

THE EVIDENCE IS IN.

Misogynists are in the main right. The female gender is a mistake. Women are promiscuous, silly, and beyond belief egocentric.

Our pretty neo-Federal Post Office occupies the corner of the most congested intersection in our town, especially between the hours of 8:00 and 9:00 o'clock. Men fetch their mail expeditiously, getting in and out as fast as possible in order to free the handful of parking spaces for others.

The ladies? Friend, watch one, as I did yesterday: She descended the steps with measured pace, flipping through the mixed loot of catalogs and letters. She *strolled* to her car. Once in, Madam ignored those of us blinking our signal lights expectantly behind her, bending her head to a missive she had selected from the batch, which: she proceeded to read!

Oh, yes, Right through to the end. I have yet to see a woman enter her car with the ignition key ready at hand. That would be too thoughtful. Madam first resumes possession of her seat as a mother bird her nest, with assorted plumpings and cozyings of her behind, checks long and deeply in the rearview mirror for any imperfection of make-up, and only then delves into the bottomless catch-all of her purse.

Ah, dames. In the sisterhood of their total lack of consideration for others, they render race truly irrelevant. Have you never been in Wal-Mart, or Roses, or some other emporium to discover yourself blocked by a pair of black female behemoths? Oh, surely you have had that experience. They proceed down the aisle much as dreadnoughts slide down ways, with a ponderous kind of wallowing insouciance. They are oblivious to anyone behind them. Hip to hip, they entirely pre-empt passage, except for a narrows that briefly opens between them as they yaw each to her side. I have been tempted often to ram through this narrows, but I have feared being crushed. One can tread on their heels; one can pant one's urgency on the very rolls of their steaming necks; they pay no heed, maintaining their imperturbable course until the very end of the aisle, when, if you are not nimble, *another* pair may hove into view, steering *at* you.

It is not statistically supportable that the Southern variety is the most dismally egocentric of American female. Nor is she sillier than the national average. Take smoking. Only "fast" women smoked in the old days. Then the flapper took it up. Even way back in the 1920s, however, a ditty darkly warned:

Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip
With your haircut just as short as mine.
Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip
I think you'll surely find.
Ashes is to ashes, and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you the Fatimas must,
Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip
With your haircut just as short as mine.

These past ten years at least, it has become inescapably plain that tobacco smoking kills, but if our Virginia Slims granddaughter of the Fatima addict has "come a long way," she has failed to grow commensurately wiser. Lung cancer has overtaken breast cancer as a killer of females. It's really excessively stupid of women to persist in smoking; yet though the number puffing their lives short has dropped 4 points (from 32% to 28%) over the past ten years, according to the American Cancer Society, the corresponding figures for men show a 9-point drop (from 42% to 33%) during the same period; amounting to pretty strong statistical support for a stupidity quotient that by a 4:9 ratio is unflattering to women.

Finally, the American woman is a baud. We may dispense with statistics here: the charge is self-evident. There are vastly more female than male prostitutes. Women are also known to have more illegitimate babies than men.

The Pill "liberated" them sexually, which is to say, gave rein to their licentious natures, but failed to put any sense into their silly heads, because more and more girls, younger and younger, are getting themselves pregnant. The plague of illegitimate births and single parent households bids fair to become the major sociological problem of our age. Charles Murray, Senior Research Fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research, has wondered why, if the incidence of illegitimate births, black and white, seems to be a phenomenon of the "underclasses," associated with pernicious poverty and a low level of education, these same conditions did not produce the same phenomenon in the past. Misbegotten welfare policies contribute, of course, by making it profitable to breed bastards; but the really new sociological factor has been the "liberation" of the female sex from those biological and sociological constraints that immemorially kept empty-headed Pandora's prurience safely within emptyheaded Pandora's box.

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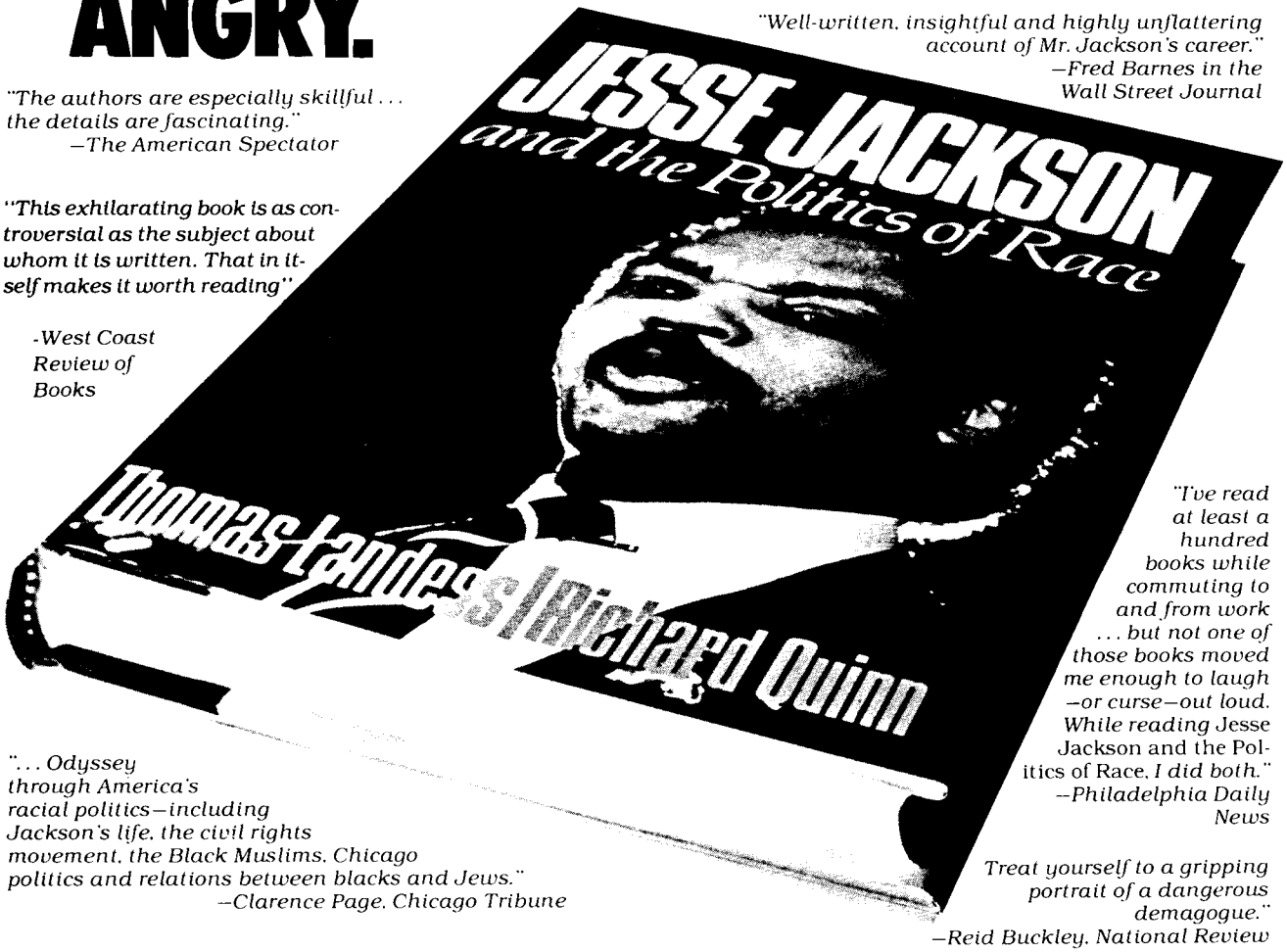

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